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Daily Mirror

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MINIATURE
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(See page 6.)

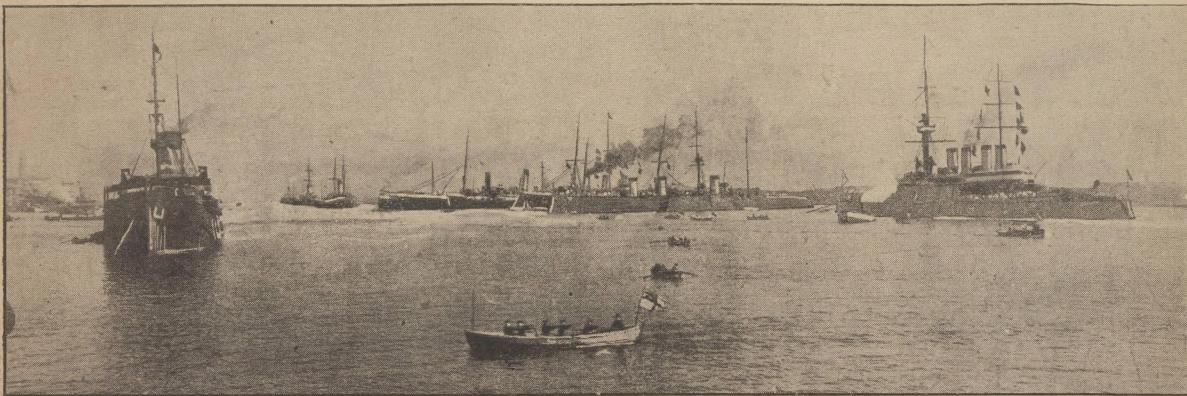
No. 341.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

THE RUSSIAN BALTIC FLEET AT PORT SAID.



The Russian Baltic Fleet is now safely through Suez. Our picture shows a portion of the fleet at Port Said waiting for the signal "All clear" before proceeding through the canal.—(Fradelle and Young.)

WELL-KNOWN NOVELIST DEAD.



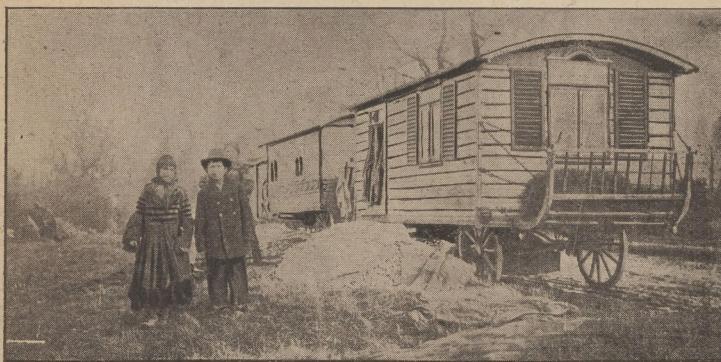
Miss Adeline Sergeant, who died yesterday at Bournemouth at the age of fifty-four.—(Russell.)

QUEEN OF PORTUGAL ENJOYS THE ENGLISH WINTER.



Queen Amelia driving, in a pair-horse sleigh, to a shooting lunch at Chatsworth.

MACEDONIAN GIPSIES AT HARLOW.



These gypsies, who encamped on Tower Hill, reached Harlow, in Essex, yesterday. They are "moved on" by the police in every district.

MRS. MAYBRICK'S HOSTESS DEAD.



Dr. Helen Dinsmore, with whom Mrs. Maybrick lived after her return to America, is dead.—(Russell.)



Baby Bunting, white wool stuffed doll, harmless and unbreakable. 1/-, 1½/-, 2/- Postage 3d.



Everything but the tree.
COMPLETE BOXES OF
ORNAMENTS AND TOYS,
For Decorating Christmas
Trees.
2/-, 5/-, 10/-, 21/-.

**CONJURING AND
CARD TRICKS.
MAKE-UP BOXES.**
Every Accessory
for Amateur Theatricals.

**ADMISSION
FREE.**
Not pressed to buy.

FOUNTAIN PENS form most acceptable presents. "Swan" Fountain Pen 8/- Elsewhere 10/-.

N.B.—The "Gamage" Box Office is now open. Tickets for all Pantomimes, Theatres, and Music Halls can be obtained.

Bazaar Catalogue Post Free.

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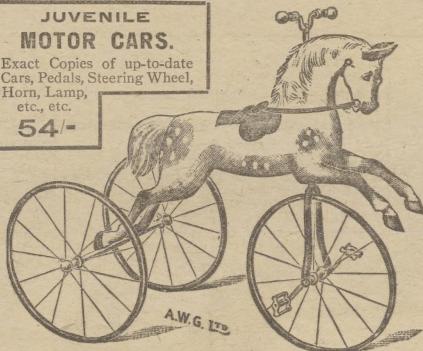
5th December 1904

I am sending you the glad tidings that
all the toys & novelties for Christmas are now
ready. So that all of you can see & select. Have
Sent Everything direct to my palace on Earth.
Gamage of Holborn London. Santa Claus

**JUVENILE
MOTOR CARS.**

Exact Copies of up-to-date
Cars, Pedals, Steering Wheel,
Horn, Lamp,
etc., etc.

54/-



Tricycle Horses from 18/-.



THOUSANDS
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ENGINES AND
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BEAUTIFUL
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"BULLS AND BEARS," the Hit of the Season.
A most fascinating and exciting Card Game. Entertainers should not fail to have a pack. A certain way to turn a dull evening into a very merry and enjoyable one. All the fun of the "Stock Exchange" in your own home. The rules are quite simple, but the fun is immense.
Price 1/-, postage 2d.



GOLLIWOG DOLLS

No. 1 ... 6d.
" 2 ... 1/-
" 3 ... 1/4/-
Larger sizes 3/-
Postage 3d.

"PIT."
The New Game.
1/-
Elsewhere 2/-



FLEET UNDER FIRE.

Japanese Shell Port Arthur Harbour.

GUNS ON THE HILL.

Battleships Trying To Escape Destruction.

A fact of great importance is cabled by our Tokio correspondent.

Japanese guns are bombarding the Port Arthur Fleet from the captured heights above the harbour.

Two facts of importance in Anglo-Russian relations are reported from St. Petersburg.

Reuter's correspondent forwards the belated official admission that Admiral Rojestvensky's ships were damaged by their own fire.

Our own correspondent thanks to an interview with Admiral Kaznakoff, is able to state what steps Russia will take to break through the Dardanelles with the Black Sea Fleet.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

TOKIO, Monday.—The capture of 203 Metre Hill by the Japanese has appreciably advanced the work of bombarding Port Arthur.

The height commands the east and west harbours, and even the ships at Peiyushan are visible.

A terrific shelling of the warships was begun at five minutes past four this afternoon. Three of them were set on fire, but the flames were extinguished in twenty minutes.

The Peresvet was struck fourteen times and apparently badly damaged. The fate of the fleet is deemed to be sealed.

ROJESTVENSKY'S ADMISSION.

At Last Tells How His Chaplain Was Killed.

ST. PETERSBURG, Monday.—The following has been issued by the Naval Headquarters Staff:—According to supplementary information from Admiral Rojestvensky's side-de-camp concerning the North Sea incident of October 21, after the Kniaz Suvaroff had ceased firing there suddenly appeared on the left of the ironclad division the two searchlights of the cruisers Dmitri Donskoi and Aurora lighting up the division.

The Dmitri Donskoi showed her night signals, whereupon, for fear lest projectiles from the hindmost ships of the division should hit our own vessels, either direct or by ricochet, a general signal to cease fire was made from the ironclad Kniaz Suvaroff, and was at once carried out.

The whole of the firing lasted less than ten minutes.

Communications by wireless telegraph stated that five projectiles had struck the cruiser Aurora, some ricochetting and others hitting her direct. Three were 75 millimetre and two 47 millimetre shells.

The chaplain was seriously injured and a petty officer was slightly wounded. The former subsequently succumbed at Tangier.—Reuter.

BLACK SEA FLEET.

Admiral Says It Will Pass the Dardanelles.

Despite semi-official denials that the Russian Black Sea Fleet will pass through the Dardanelles, a strong naval party is insisting that the fleet must proceed to the Far East at all costs.

Vice-Admiral Kaznakoff informed a correspondent yesterday at St. Petersburg that the dispatch of the fleet to the Far East is a vital necessity for Russia.

He fears, however, that England will protest, as she did in 1902 when a few Russian torpedo-boats passed through, but the Paris Treaty, says the Admiral, is antiquated, and it is impossible for Russia under the present grave political conditions to observe its terms, the more so as Turkey will not raise any objection.

He asserts that the Black Sea Fleet will pass through the Dardanelles after a declaration to that effect has been made by Russia, and by the time England has made her protest the passage will be accomplished fact.

Captain Saken, of the Russian Navy, writing to the Press, says that the want of officers prevents the Black Sea Fleet from sailing. Not even half the requisite number of officers is available.

The deficiency is so great that in many cases a captain commands two complements. Nearly all the reserve and half-pay officers have already been called out.

Gusty westerly to southerly winds.) To-Day's Weather (Lightning-up time, 4.30 p.m. Sea passages changeable: showers, bright intervals.)

Sea passages will be moderate generally.

CAROLINE WARRANTS.

Important Step Taken by the Government.

BOW-STREET APPLICATION.

We are informed that at four o'clock yesterday afternoon a private application was made, it is believed at Bow-street, after the Court rose, for the arrest of the Hon. James Roche, the captain who took the vessel from the Thames to Libau, and a third person, presumed to be Mr. Sennett, in connection with the departure of the yacht Caroline, alleged to have been purchased for the Russian Government for use as a torpedo-boat destroyer.

The Caroline, it will be remembered, was built by Messrs. Yarrow and Co. in their yard at Millwall. She could have been utilised either as a high-speed yacht or as a torpedo-boat, although considerable alterations were necessary when she left the Thames to fit her as a war vessel.

Messrs. Yarrow state that in August last they were in negotiation with a Paris firm for her sale, but thought it advisable to inform the Admiralty, with the result that the Foreign Office asked them not to complete the sale, as it was believed that the vessel would fall into the hands of one of the belligerents.

Mr. Roche and Mr. Sennett offered to buy the vessel on September 23, stating that they desired to purchase a yacht of her character for a wealthy American. Again Messrs. Yarrow communicated with the Admiralty, but receiving an acknowledgement without comment, they concluded that they were justified in disposing of her. She left the Thames on October 6, ostensibly for Hamburg, to be sent thence to New York.

As a matter of fact she steamed to Libau, via the Kiel Channel, and is now in Russian hands.

COTTON SENSATION.

Exciting Deals on the Markets Yesterday—Operatives Jubilant.

The intense excitement on the Liverpool and Manchester Cotton Markets still continues.

The effect of the estimate by the American Government of a crop of 12,162,000 bales—900,000 more than the previous record—is difficult to realise.

Experts put the world's consumption of cotton at nearly 11,000,000 bales, and for the crop to exceed it is unparalleled in the history of trade.

So the market is confronted with several hitherto unknown problems.

What price does a big surplus mean is one of the chiefest. All day long yesterday surging crowds watched the quotations. At Liverpool, after violent fluctuations, the prices closed at from thirty- to forty points down from Saturday's lowest.

Everyone is canvassing the question of whether the superabundance may or may not prove capable of control.

This enormous crop came at a time when there is but little business in Lancashire staple trade than anyone alive can remember, though the demand is mainly for export.

Whatever failures the singular situation may bring upon market speculators, there is no doubt that the operatives will reap a rich benefit.

Stocks will be got in at the easy prices for at least two seasons, and joy of full time will reign in the mills.

A corner in next season's crop, assuming it may be an average yield, is most improbable.

PRINCE NOT GOING ROUND THE WORLD.

The report published in America that the Prince of Wales intended to make a tour round the world in command of the cruiser squadron was officially denied to the *Daily Mirror*, yesterday.

According to the "New York American," the Good Hope was to be the flagship of His Royal Highness, and Prince Louis of Battenberg was to be the second in command, on the Drake.

PANIC AT A "SALVATION" MEETING.

A serious panic occurred last night at the Salvation Army barracks at Dudley during a cinematograph entertainment illustrative of "The Life of Christ."

The lantern exploded and a mass of flame enveloped the place under the gallery. The panic which followed was indescribable. The audience was mainly composed of children, and a wild rush ensued. Happily, the Army officials kept cool, and the place was cleared without anybody being seriously injured. The lantern was destroyed and other damage done.

As a sequel to the divorce suit brought by Mr. Demetrius Sophocles Constantini, Sir Francis Jeune yesterday ordered that he should receive £1,000 a year from his wife's income, plus £500 annual for five years, and an additional £1,000 after the death of the respondent's mother.

ROYAL LEAVE-TAKING.

Queen Amelia Starts for Her Sister's Bedside.

AFFECTIONATE FAREWELL.

The Queen of Portugal's stay in England was yesterday brought to a sudden and unexpected conclusion.

For some time past her Majesty's sister, the Duchess of Aosta, has been lying seriously ill at Turin, suffering from pleurisy and pneumonia. Yesterday Queen Amelia received news that made her decide to at once leave London for her sister's bedside, and thus her visit to England was most unfortunately curtailed.

Her Majesty, accompanied by King Carlos and the Marquis de Soveral, left Buckingham Palace in a closed brougham shortly after two o'clock.

Among those waiting the arrival of the royal party at Charing Cross were the Duke of Connaught, Lord Rathmore, several members of the staff of the Portuguese Legation and of the Portuguese colony in London.

Her Majesty's departure not having been expected there were but few people assembled to see the last of England's royal guest.

A moment or so before the departure of the train the Queen entered the saloon and embraced King Carlos, kissing him on both cheeks.

Again coming forward Queen Amelia smilingly patted his Majesty on the shoulder.

As punctual to the moment, the train steamed slowly out of the station, the King stood bare-headed and made a profound bow to his departing consort.

King Carlos subsequently returned to Buckingham Palace.

All arrangements for the King and Queen's stay at the Duke of Portland's seat, Welbeck Abbey, had been made, but the royal arrangements were cancelled by telegraph yesterday morning.

Better news of the Duchess of Aosta was, however, received last night, and unless disquieting tidings arrive in the meantime, King Carlos will go to Welbeck to-day.

KING WATCHES AN ACCIDENT.

Portugal's Ruler Witness of an Exciting Street Scene.

It was reported yesterday afternoon that King Carlos had been knocked down by a runaway cab-horse. Happily this report was unfounded, but the King was close by when an exciting accident occurred in the Mall.

He was walking from St. James's Palace to Buckingham Palace, when a cab-horse bolted past. The hansom cab, in which two ladies were seated, collided with a landau belonging to Lady Londesborough, and was seriously damaged.

The horse continued its career until pluckily stopped by Constable Taylor, 359 A., who caught the reins, and after being dragged some yards, succeeded in bringing it to a standstill.

The cab was wrecked, but the two ladies were luckily practically uninjured.

The King, after witnessing the accident, crossed the Mall to Buckingham Palace.

COAL FOR RUSSIA.

Deadlock at Cardiff—Another Vessel Loading.

Apparently no definite decision has been come to by the British Government in the matter of the ships which are loading coal for the Baltic Fleet at Cardiff.

The shippers have communicated with the German Embassy in London asking if the British Government have a locus standi in the matter.

Meanwhile, although the Captain W. Menzell has ceased loading at Cardiff another German steamer is taking on board at Barry 10,000 tons of coal, also believed to be for the Baltic Fleet.

Other German steamers which have been out with coal for the Baltic Fleet are expected to return to South Wales ports in the course of the next few days.

If any action in the case of these vessels is threatened, it is believed that the shippers will overcome the difficulty by loading coal for some German port, where it will be dumped ashore and afterwards reloaded in another ship.

The Central News states that the Russian Government has not made any protest against the action of the British Government in stopping the loading of the Captain W. Menzell.

LONDON AND PARIS EXCHANGE.

It is confidently believed that within the next few hours the doors of the London and Paris Exchange will once again be thrown open for business.

The following official announcement was published late last night:—

"The formalities for the resumption of the business of the London and Paris Exchange will be completed to-morrow (Tuesday)."

KING'S PRIZES.

His Majesty's Success at the Smithfield Show.

SPLENDID OPENING DAY.

At this year's Cattle Show, which opened at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, yesterday, His Majesty the King eclipsed even his previous records as a prize-winner.

In the Devon class he took first prize in all three sections, and the £25 silver cup for the best beast of that breed. The animal to which this cup was awarded also carried off the great silver challenge cup given by the King himself for the finest beast bred by its exhibitor.

With stock from Windsor His Majesty obtained six first prizes, one second, and one third prize, and from Sandringham, five first prizes and cups, two seconds, and a "highly commended."

The Prince of Wales gained first prize for a red-polled heifer.

There were many more people at yesterday's opening than there have been for some years past, and when the King, followed by the Prince of Wales, drove in from the Barford-street entrance, he had an enthusiastic reception.

Prince Christian, the president of the Smithfield Club, welcomed his Majesty on behalf of the Council.

FIGHT FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

Then, after an exchange of handshakes with the members he knew personally, the King, who wore a dark brown overcoat and a silk hat, passed on to the judges' enclosure.

Here a close contest for the championship of the show was in progress. The King's Devon steer had been the favourite, but when Lord Rosebery's magnificent heifer came along an irrepressible cheer went up.

She was indeed a magnificent beast, and so fat she hardly knew how to move.

Amid much cheering the Earl's heifer beat the King's steer for the championship of the show.

But the King's Cup went to the King, for he had bred his own beast, while the Earl's was bred for him by Mr. John Ross, of Meikle Tarral, who won first prize himself for the best beast not exceeding two years old with a cross-bred heifer.

The King looked very pleased with his successes, and taking Sir Walter Gilbey, the great shire horse bred by the arm, spoke confidently in his ear. It was a strong contrast—the King, irreproachable in dress, and Sir Walter in his quaint, light brown trousers, black coat flying open, and limning on a thin, twisted cane.

As soon as the judging and the congratulations were over his Majesty was conducted all over the show, not forgetting the pigsty, where with heart-rending squeals, and urged by resounding smacks on their hindquarters, the unwieldy fat creatures rose laboriously for his inspection.

HIS MAJESTY MUCH INTERESTED.

He stayed over an hour in the hall, and was very interested in what is undoubtedly a fine all-round show.

After he had gone, Lord Rosebery's champion heifer, No. 65 in the catalogue, submitted without a murmur to the prodding and pats of an unceasing stream of admirers.

And all the while throughout the hall resounded the lows, bleats, and grunts of 125 doomed beasts, entered for the carcass competition.

KING AND SICK CHILD.

King Edward, during his recent visit to Lord Burton at Glenquoich Castle, in the Highlands, heard that the gardener had a little daughter of six, who, after looking forward to seeing his Majesty, fell ill a few days before the royal visit.

His Majesty thereupon visited the child's bed and sat chattering pleasantly for some time.

The King has since sent the little girl an autograph photograph, to take the place of a sugar bust of himself, which he jocularly remarked when he noticed it in the cottage was not a striking likeness.

One of the most important University scholars at Cambridge—the Whewell—has been won by students from India and New Zealand, viz., Messrs. V. P. Row, B.A., St. John's, and G. G. Russell, B.A., King's, who are declared equal. Mr. Russell is the well-known sculler.

TO ADVERTISERS.

Owing to the great demand for advertisement space in the "Daily Mirror," we regret we are compelled to hold over several columns of advertisements from to-day's issue. These will appear as soon as possible.

ALL-NIGHT CHAPELS.

Revival Converts Giving Up Their Money to Poor.

GENERAL BOOTH'S SUPPORT.

The whole Rhondda Valley is now afire with the religious revival, of which Mr. Evan Roberts is the Savonora.

Wherever one wanders among the mining villages and townships, chapels are open day and night to enable the people to give collective vent to the enthusiasm that is in them.

There are now scores of amateur Evangelists in the valley with their captain, Evan Roberts. His own brother "Dan," as the colliers call him, left the pits a fortnight ago to attend a meeting, and has not gone down in the cage since.

"I saved more than £100," said "Dan," "because I was always a bit thrifty. Now my money is the Lord's, and yours if you need it."

Putting his hand in his pocket he distributed £3, and two poor girl soloists each gave their last half-crown to poor folk standing by. This is a typical example of the wonders worked by the revival.

"Under Divine Orders."

No collections are taken at any of the meetings, and it is a mystery to many how Mr. Evan Roberts lives. He appears neither to have time for meals nor sleep.

"Sometimes I eat, and sometimes I forget all about it for a day," he confessed, just before a great meeting at Pentre. "When I do eat it is always as little and as light as possible. It's a dreadful waste of time eating and sleeping."

"I am under Divine orders to have a hundred thousand souls saved in the Rhondda, and once I was afraid I should not live to see this done. But I know now the Spirit is going to do it. The Rhondda Valley will then be the kingdom of heaven on earth. Colliers are coming to God at the rate of five or six hundred a day. They'll come in thousands soon."

Here he found expression for his emotions in his native, eloquent tongue, and, remarking "Welsh for worship," he chanted the refrain of the most popular hymn of the campaign, "Gad-yin deimlo Trawf o Galfaria Fryn," which means "I Feel the Breeze from Calvary's Mount."

Then, entering the meeting, he waved his red handkerchief to the eager congregation. The people hailed him with a Welsh chorus, which they sang not less than twenty times without ceasing, sopranos, altos, tenors, basses, harmonising with the shrill voices of children.

There were no drones. Mothers with infants walked about the aisles singing, and newly-converted old men wept for sheer joy. The most stoical observer could not forbear to marvel at the scene.

Reported to General Booth.

Commissioner Nicol, of the Headquarters Staff of the Salvation Army, in Queen Victoria-street, attended the meeting, and was so impressed that he wired to General Booth intimating his conviction that the Welsh revival had all the elements of an historic spiritual movement.

The Commissioner had an interview with Mr. Roberts, whose whole demeanour he greatly admired, believing the young collier to be a prince of evangelists.

The impression in the valley is that the Salvation Army will bring its organising genius to bear upon Mr. Roberts's work to make it lasting. As Whitefield needed Wesley, so, it is argued, young Roberts needs Booth.

Mr. Roberts told the *Daily Mirror* that he was considering an invitation to visit London. The difficulty is that his English is very fragmentary.

Publicians everywhere are losing their trade. Weekly receipts have dropped in certified instances from £40 to £4, from £37 to £8, from £28 to £6 10s.

DANGERS OF THE REVIVAL.

Eminent Doctor Says Such Meetings Frequently Cause Insanity.

Many doctors believe that such religious revivals as that now agitating Wales are a grave menace to the sanity of all but the most strong-minded.

Medical papers have already expressed this view, and Dr. Forbes Winslow, the well-known specialist, has very emphatically pointed out the danger.

Interviewed for the *Daily Mirror*, Dr. Winslow said that, in his opinion, next to drink, nothing is more frequently responsible for mental disease than badly-directed religious enthusiasm.

"The development of religious mania is gradual," he said. "First come the predisposing causes—revival meetings, etc.—followed by excitement and delusions, which lead to complete insanity, generally of an incurable nature."

"At the time of the Moody and Sankey revival I had several cases of this form of insanity to deal with. I have known people who, in the fervour of religious excitement, endeavoured to act up to the words of the words of Scripture—'If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out.'"

FAMILY VANISHES.

Father and Three Children Disappear Mysteriously.

Considerable excitement, says a correspondent, exists in Wandsworth in consequence of the strange disappearance of four members of a well-known family who have resided in the borough for nine years.

The man, who is about forty-five years of age, has carried on the business of a cycle maker in High-street, Wandsworth. He was a member of the Hearts of Oak Benefit Society, and highly respected in the town.

It appears, according to an interview last night with a young man employed by the cycle maker, that on Friday morning last the shopkeeper rose as usual, apparently to open the shop, leaving his wife in bed, saying nothing to lead her to suppose anything unusual would happen.

After a time, not hearing her husband about, she got up, and, not seeing her husband, searched all over the house, but failed to find him.

She became alarmed, but her inquiries failed to elicit anything as to his whereabouts.

Not long afterwards her son, aged fourteen, left home with the apparent object of going to work at a butcher's, who carries on his business next door.

It transpires that he arrived at the shop, and was sent from there to Rochampton on a matter of business. He left the shop, and nothing more has been seen of him up to the present.

To add to the mother's alarm and sorrow, shortly before nine o'clock two little daughters—aged eight and eleven respectively—left the house to go to school. Neither of them returned home after morning school hours. The mother made inquiries at the school they attended, and ascertained that they had not been there that morning.

ALARMING GAS EXPLOSION.

Building Wrecked and Houses Shaken As if by Earthquake.

A terrible gas explosion is reported from the Mill Hill Gasworks, of the North Middlesex Gas Company, situated close to the line running from Finchley to Edgware.

The whole of the interior of the meter-house was wrecked and the front blown out. The brickwork was shattered, and the huge steel governors were blown over the walls.

The interior is now a mass of bent and twisted ironwork, brick rubbish, and timber débris.

The railway hotel and adjoining cottages were shaken as though by an earthquake, all the gas went out, and from the small houses in the vicinity frightened people rushed in their nightclothes into the streets.

The newly-opened barracks were plunged into darkness, as were also the local railway stations.

Windows were smashed all round the scene of the explosion, and people sat up till daylight by candle-light, afraid to go to bed.

The whole place after the explosion caught fire, burning for two and a half hours.

HOTEL FOR CHILDREN.

Quaint Guests of a Pembridge-square Establishment.

The question, "What shall we do with our children?" has been answered, as far as travelling parents are concerned, by an admirable institution at 7, Pembridge-square.

Known as the Norland Nurseries, this establishment is really a hotel for children. Some of the guests are only a few weeks old, while others have attained the mature age of ten. But all are made comfortable and happy during the enforced absence of their parents.

They are collected in groups of three, each group having a special suite of rooms and the services of a trained nurse, beside the attention of the students at the Norland Institute.

The charges vary from £40 to £100 a year, according to the luxury of the accommodation provided and the degree of trouble given by the guest.

WE STRUCK UP "BILL BAILEY."

In a letter to his father, a Scarborough sailor on H.M.S. Vernon refers to the recent explosion at Portsmouth.

"After swimming to the steamboat after the explosion," he writes, "the steamboat was sinking fast, but we had time to strip off and stand by to swim for it."

"As she sank we all swam off. Two men were drowned and three injured. We were swimming twenty minutes before we were picked up."

"When we were in the water the lieutenant said, 'Give us a song to cheer us up a bit,' so we struck up 'Bill Bailey,' with death staring us in the face."

There are about 400 cases of measles at Devonport.

Having agreed to die together, Allen Muir, a ship's steward, and Isabella Mackenzie, took poison. Only the woman died, and yesterday Muir was sentenced to death at Liverpool for murder.

"PREHISTORIC" FOOTBALL.

Mr. George Robey Appears in an Interesting Role.

"Frantic the Fearless," gladiator of Rome, otherwise Mr. George Robey, of the London music-halls, performed a star turn in a London sports arena yesterday, all for the sake of sweet charity.

Mr. Robey's international eleven played the famous "Spurs of Tottenham" for the benefit of the widow and orphans of the late John Jones, and 10,000 spectators, representing roughly £250 in gate money, turned out to see the match.

It was quite in keeping with the fitness of things that Mr. Robey should himself score the first goal of the match, and the only one gained by his side.

How the crowd cheered and the other players heeded Robey's words. Not such a triumph had he had for a long day.

The "Spurs" were one goal behind at half-time, but Cameron and Glen scored after the interval, and the team got together by the "Prehistoric Man" were beaten by 2 to 1.

During the afternoon Messrs. W. H. Berry, R. Stevens, and W. Grimes disposed of 200 autograph photographs of Mr. Robey in football costume.

BROKEN MATCH.

Marriage of a Maid of Honour Not To Take Place.

The announcement that the marriage arranged between Mr. Sandys and Miss Dorothy Vivian would not take place came as a great surprise.

Everything was in full preparation for the ceremony, which was to have taken place shortly.

Miss Dorothy Vivian is one of the prettiest girls in society, and she and her sister, who are always known as "the beautiful Vivian twins," are maidens of honour to the Queen.

Ever since their early childhood they have been accustomed to the atmosphere of Court life, for their father, the late Lord Vivian, was British Minister in Denmark and Brussels, and Ambassador to Rome, and held many other diplomatic appointments.

Miss Violet and Miss Dorothy Vivian are the Queen's favourite maidens of honour, and with her customary forethought and kindness her Majesty always arranges for them to be in waiting at the same time.

They invariably dress alike in pretty, picturesque costumes.

Mr. Sandys is in the 2nd Life Guards, and is a relative to the family of Lord Sandys. He is a good-looking and popular young officer.

NEW IRISH INDUSTRY.

Splendid Tobacco Crop Grown in Co. Meath.

A remarkably successful experiment in tobacco-growing has been made in Ireland by Colonel Everard, of Randalstown, Co. Meath.

Twenty acres of land were planted in the spring with the best Virginian seed. It has now been harvested, and the crop has been pronounced by Professor Harper, a well-known American expert, as "quite equal to that grown in Virginia or Kentucky."

The total yield from the twenty acres was 14,000lb., a very satisfactory return for an initial experiment. Four descriptions of soils were tried, but only one of these yielded really high-class tobacco.

For the encouragement of future tobacco-growers in Ireland, the Government undertakes to refund one-third of the duty levied on all Irish-grown tobacco during the next five years—a period that might well be extended.

DEATH OF MISS ADELINA SERGEANT.

Miss Adelina Sergeant, the well-known novelist, has died at Bournemouth, in her fifty-fourth year, after many weary months of illness and suffering.

Perhaps the novel which brought her most fame was "The Story of a Penitent Soul," produced in 1892. Among other of her most popular works may be mentioned "No Saint," "The Surrender of Margaret Bellarmino," "The Failure of Sybil Fletcher," "Seventy Times Seven," "The Idol-maker," and "Yalombrora."

Miss Sergeant, beside her literary work, did much good work among the poor. For a time she lived in a refuge and until ill-health prevented her devoted two evenings a week to work among the lower and criminal classes. A portrait of Miss Sergeant appears on page 1.

THE VARIETY COMBINE.

Yesterday's announcement of impending changes in the control of the Moss Empire Music Halls and the London Hippodrome caused a sensation in music-hall circles throughout the country.

Mr. Oswald Stoll, when seen at Cardiff, declined either to confirm or contradict the report that he would take over the control of the music-halls on January 1 next, but confirmation has been forthcoming from other sources.

CHINESE WEDDING.

London Girl Marries the Son of a Mandarin.

VERY QUIET CEREMONY.

At Holy Trinity Church, Marylebone-road, yesterday, Miss Mina Alberta Tomalin-Potts, of Norwood, was married to Yung Hsi Hsiao, of Souchong, Central China.

The ceremony was the last chapter of the story, told in yesterday's *Daily Mirror*, of how Yung Hsi Hsiao, a young Chinese student, fell in love with Miss Tomalin-Potts, who had taught him his first words of the English language.

It was a quiet, unpretentious wedding, this union of a pretty English girl with the son of a great Chinese mandarin.

At eleven o'clock Yung Hsi Hsiao, his best man, Mr. Ah Gow, and another Chinese friend, drove up in a cab to the church doors.

The three dapper, frock-coated Chinamen walked up the aisle and stood waiting by the chancel steps.

The bridegroom seemed nervous and impatient as the minutes passed, but when the Rev. C. A. Wilson, the officiating clergyman, appeared a broad smile passed over his features.

Another cab drew up at the church door, from which the bride and her mother alighted. Then, upon entering the church, Mrs. Tomalin-Potts presented the bridegroom with a buttonhole of pink carnations.

The little party passed up to the chancel. The bride, tall, with dark waving hair, in her white serge frock and big white hat was a stately figure. As she walked she bent her head slightly to bring it on a level with that of the bridegroom.

RESPONSES IN BROKEN ENGLISH.

The ceremony was short and impressive. The pleasant voice of the English girl sounded strangely in contrast with the quaint, broken words of the man at her side.

The register was signed, and the special licence certifying that the marriage was valid by the law of China as well as by the English law was put into the archives of the church.

The little congregation of six smiled congratulations as the smiling Chinaman passed down the aisle with his wife upon his arm.

Then husband and wife got into a hansom and drove away. Later in the day Mr. and Mrs. Hsiao left for Bournemouth, where the honeymoon will be spent.

When he has finished his English education Yung Hsi Hsiao will take his wife back to China, where he will follow his business of silk merchant.

There is a London doctor who is one of six children, all the lineal descendants of the first Chinaman ever brought out of China.

Smuggled out of the country in an enormous vase by a captain in the Royal Navy, she was married to him on board by the chaplain and brought to England in the year 1750.

INSANITY AMONG CHILDREN.

Alarming Number of Feeble-minded in English Schools.

Quite two per cent. of Manchester school children were defective in intellect, said Miss Dendy, yesterday, in giving evidence before the Royal Commission on the care of the feeble-minded.

Miss Dendy, a member of the Manchester Education Committee, gave some shocking particulars of the treatment received by feeble-minded children. When excused from school attendance on account of mental defects, in many cases their parents promptly pawned their clothing.

Of 39,600 Manchester school children examined by her in 1897, she pronounced 523 abnormal, and in 494 cases her opinion was confirmed by medical evidence.

CHRISTMAS

Will not be Christmas at all if you miss the Christmas Number of

"THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE,"

Which is Christmassy all the way through. It is filled with Seasonable Suggestions. Price 6d.

BUY A COPY TO-DAY.

ALIEN SCOURGE.

Hundreds of Undesirables Arriving Every Day.

GIPSY TERROR IN ESSEX.

Premier Again Promises An Alien Bill.

DISEASE-STRICKEN IMMIGRANTS.

With almost every tide of the Thames a deposit of the floating wreckage of the Continent is being left on our shores.

That wreckage is the fittest term to apply to the class of aliens who are at the present finding their way to this country, in such alarmingly increased numbers, is painfully apparent. Few are not physically and morally degenerate. Their manner of life would disgrace any self-respecting community; the occupations which the majority of them drift into are opposed to law and order.

Recent investigations have shown enormous prevalence of the highly contagious eye disease known as trachoma among recent immigrants.

Trachoma subjects are rigidly barred from entering the United States, where it is admitted that many of the Russian Jews now transmigrant in London are bound. At the Royal Ophthalmic Hospital in the City-road it was stated that during the last week or so the Russian Jews' suffering from incipient or developed trachoma have been flocking for advice and treatment.

Scenes at the Hospital.

On one day, out of 160 new patients 102 were aliens, mostly with eye disease. Saturday saw forty-five Russian Jews at the hospital with trachoma, and yesterday, out of seventy-five cases, sixty were Jews from Russia, Poland, Germany, and Romania. Most of them had the same formula: "Can I go to America?" They did not want the treatment so much as expert advice on the possibility of passing the medical examination at the ports of arrival.

Once told that the disease would cause them to be sent back they disappear. They know their forward voyage is impossible, and seem to take no interest in curing the disease.

Thus they remain in the metropolis to become a source of infection of others.

The latest arrivals in the East End are 200 Russian aliens, chiefly young men. They spent their first night in London—Sunday—in walking about the streets of St. George's-in-the-East, the agents finding it impossible to obtain lodgings for them.

Fortunately, Mr. Balfour has again repeated, in a letter to the secretary of the Lancashire and Cheshire Conservative Association, his promise that this alien scourge will be dealt with early next session.

East End Gambling Den.

Yesterday's proceedings at the Thames Police Court also threw light on the insidious evil which the alien so constantly proves himself. The greater part of the magistrate's time was occupied in dealing with three separate charges against aliens arrested in East End gambling dens.

In the first case there were eighteen defendants, nearly all Russian subjects. They were found playing faro at a room in Berners-yard. A revolver was one of the articles discovered by the police. The proprietor could not be identified, and the magistrate bound the defendants over to be of good behaviour.

At Norfolk-buildings, Cirencester-street, another gambling den was raided, and more foreigners were herded before the magistrate. Marks Pels-makar, the supposed proprietor, was remanded on bail, while twelve other aliens were bound over.

There was a similar raid at Cable-street, St. George's, with the result that Ernest Rodeker and Jacob Kaufman were remanded, and eleven others were bound over.

The progress of the Macedonian gipsies, who were landed at Tower Hill a few days ago, is in keeping with the disreputable appearance they present. Thirty of them, all members of one family and occupying three caravans, swarmed down upon the villages between Thornehill Common, near Epping, and Harlow yesterday.

Looting the Country.

They entered a milk shop, dipped two dirty jugs in a can and coolly walked off. When the shopkeeper ran after them they ill-treated her.

They broke down hedges in the search for firewood, and bivouacked in the roadway. The farmers protested to the police, but the solitary constable on guard was helpless.

They entered cottages, without knocking, and asked for food. Generally they got it, for the women were afraid to refuse. For three hours they halted while excitedly bargaining with a local dealer for a horse.

The gipsy women are fat, and the chief female of the party is covered with curious, valuable, and barbaric jewellery. The men use formidable double-edged knives for all purposes. They spend a lot of time at card games. Cleanly habits are foreign to their nature.

FATHER'S DESPAIR.

Hangs His Imbecile Son and Then Himself.

The body of a man named Douglass was yesterday found hanging with that of his imbecile son in their house at Gateshead.

Douglass and his son usually slept in the same room, while Mrs. Douglass, with her daughter, occupied another apartment.

Yesterday morning Mrs. Douglass, on rising, was unable to open the kitchen door, and sent for police help. Constable Scott, on arrival, climbed through the kitchen window and found the bodies hanging side by side in the scullery.

Douglass was partially dressed, but his son was clad in a nightdress only. It is supposed that the father had lifted the lad, who was a cripple as well as an imbecile, from the bed and hanged him to a hook in the ceiling.

He left a note stating that being out of work and having an imbecile son had led him to commit the deed, for which he prayed his wife's forgiveness.

Mrs. Douglass says she cannot imagine what led her husband to commit such an act. He had only been out of work three weeks, and they had no fear of immediate want, being in comfortable circumstances.

DOMESTIC UNHAPPINESS.

Motive Impelling a Father to Kill His Loved Ones.

"I think we must come to the conclusion that there has been a great deal of domestic unhappiness," the coroner commented yesterday at his inquest into the triple tragedy at Wightman-road, Harringay.

The evidence showed that Arthur Yorke, who was in business as an oilman at Charles-street, Hatten-garden, poisoned two of his children—Nansie, aged seven, and Charles, aged two—with prussic acid, and then committed suicide. He was known to have been passionately fond of them.

The tragedy was discovered on her return by the servant, who had previously been sent out of the house to deliver to the dead man's son, Henry, a lad of sixteen, the following letter:—

My Dearest Boy,—I have sent you my watch and chain to keep in memory of your father. I cannot live the terrible life your mother has been leading me for the last seven years. You know what it has been . . . Good-bye, my dear boy. God bless you.—From your broken-hearted Father.

Mrs. Yorke, in answer to an accusation of assaulting her husband, said she only did it in self-defence and asserted that her husband drank to excess. It was stated, however, that he had been a teetotaller for the past eighteen months.

The jury returned a verdict of Wilful Murder and Suicide during temporary insanity. They attributed the tragedy to domestic trouble.

CROWDS OF CINDERELLAS.

Actress Tries for the £500 Golden Slipper Prize.

Crowds of Cinderellas yesterday visited the different boot shops in London and the provinces where the Cinderella glass slipper is being exhibited and the £500 prize offered for the lady whose foot the slipper fits.

At Messrs. Abbott and Sons' shop in Cheapside the crowd gathered round the window was so great that policemen were engaged constantly moving them on, and at this shop hundreds of would-be Cinderellas tried on the slipper. A well-known actress essayed to fit on the slipper, and would have succeeded but for a slight swelling caused by rheumatism.

To show that this slipper is not an impossible one already three ladies have notified to the editor of "Golden Stories" that they have fitted it on. These ladies live at Clapham, Mexborough, and Colchester respectively.

This extraordinary competition is open until the end of December, so there is plenty of time and opportunity for Cinderellas to try on this fairy slipper. It is now exhibited at over 700 shops, a full list of which will appear in the *Daily Mirror* of Thursday next.

Wash Wear

We are used to the damage of clothes by washing, and bear it; not without complaint, but with a good deal of complaint.

Fels-Naptha stops half to three-quarters of it.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson street London E.C.

SCENES AT MME. PATTI'S.

Extraordinary Allegations by a Former Servant.

Mr. Justice Bray and a special jury were occupied at Swanside Assizes yesterday in hearing a case in which Mrs. Cecilia Smith, a Scotchwoman, now of Childdown, Surrey, formerly cook and housekeeper to Baroness Patti Cederstrom, at Craig-y-nos Castle, claimed £370 from Mr. Allcock, the Baroness's agent, and £100 from P.C. Lewis, the Craig-y-nos constable, for trespass and assault.

Mr. Abel Thomas, in opening the case, said that when the plaintiff was at the castle Mr. Allcock would request her to go to his office, and was in the habit of calling her his "dearest," and once went so far as to put his arm round her waist. Plaintiff resented this. A dispute also arose because of the kitchenmaid's alleged inattention in regard to Allcock's toast.

Afterwards he told her the Baron and Baroness had discharged her. She insisted upon attempting to see the Baroness, whereupon the policeman forbade her to present her.

After further scenes she was allowed to go to her rooms, defendants following.

The door was afterwards taken off its hinges, and she had to dress with the defendants seeing all that was going on.

Plaintiff was subsequently treated at Charing Cross Hospital for a broken rib.

A "Curse" on the Castle.

Plaintiff was severely cross-examined by Mr. T. Evans, K.C., who represented Mr. Allcock. She repeated the charges, and said that Mr. Allcock used to say he loved her.

She did not tell the Baroness because "Madame had a German maid with her, and you cannot see the Baroness with other people present."

She did not tell the Baroness because "Madame had a German maid with her, and you cannot see the Baroness with other people present."

She did say that the maids had said the place was cursed since 1902; when a housemaid committed suicide, and that it always would be cursed so long as the Allcocks were there. The constable shook her by the hand on leaving, and hoped that she would forgive him.

The defence was a total denial of the allegations. The case was adjourned.

CANCEROUS BEEF.

Grave Public Danger Revealed by a Prosecution.

A penalty of £50 and costs was imposed at the Guildhall yesterday, on Arthur William Rood, farmer, of Cunington, near Bridgwater, Somersetshire, for sending four pieces of diseased beef to the Central London Market, intending it for sale as human food.

Dr. Collingridge, medical officer of health to the City of London, stated that the ribs were covered with large excrements, which he at first took to be tubercle, but upon closer examination discovered a malignant form of cancer. It would be impossible for anyone not to notice it.

The eating of the beef with sarcoma was most dangerous—it was the most dangerous form of food imaginable. Sarcoma did not tell on the general structure of an animal until it was at death's door.

Mr. Davis, for the defence, urged that the defendant had no guilty knowledge and fully believed that the meat was fit for food.

Mr. Alderman Smallman said the defendant had been guilty of the grossest carelessness. A mere cursory glance would have shown anyone that the meat was unfit for food. The public must be protected.

With costs, the penalty amounted to £57 7s.

THIEF'S SENTIMENTAL MOTIVE.

For nine months Frederick Kelly has been engaged in stealing servants from the corridors of flats in the South of London. Yesterday at the South-Western Police Court he was sentenced to four months' hard labour.

When disposing of the stolen property to dealers Kelly in every case explained that his wife had lost a favourite child, and when she saw the mail-car "always did a grizzle." On this account he was parting with it.

DOUBLE PUNISHMENT REFUSED.

After being imprisoned for poaching, two Preston labourers were charged yesterday with the additional offence of trespassing on the railway when they were pursued by the gamekeepers.

"We are not going to punish people twice for one offence," the presiding magistrate said, in ordering the prisoners' discharge.

The case of the two men, Donovan and Wade, now lying under sentence of death at Pentonville Prison, has been made the subject of a private report by Mr. Justice Grantham to the Home Secretary.

WAR AND INTRIGUE.

Husband Betrayed While on Active Service.

TWICE-FORGIVEN WIFE.

The story of how a wife, twice forgiven, three times deceived her husband was told in the Divorce Court yesterday.

Mr. Sydney Allers Hankey the thrice-deceived husband, nearly broke down in the witness box when he related his sad tale of efforts to win back his wife to him, and final complete failure.

He was married in 1891 at Sydney, in New South Wales, to Mrs. Kathleen Amy Hankey, and for some years their married life was quite a happy one. They went to South Africa, and the year 1899 found them in possession of a fruit farm, near Pietermaritzburg.

Mr. Hankey had a partner, a gentleman named Wilton Attwell, who had just given up his commission in a Natal scouting regiment.

The husband made a terrible discovery one day. He was walking in an orchard, and caught sight of his wife and Attwell behaving themselves in a manner that left no doubt that they were guilty lovers.

Then Mr. Hankey's first act of forgiveness to his wife took place. He refused to turn her away. His partner, however, he ordered off the farm.

After this came the war. Mr. Hankey had to go on active service. With his troop he rode to Ladysmith, and took part in the operations after the relief of that town.

Sickness struck him down, and while he was lying ill news bad came to him about his wife who, he thought, had gone, as he had arranged, to stay with relatives at New Hanover.

When Mr. Hankey could get about he went to Durban. Here he found his wife staying in the same hotel as Mr. Attwell—the Louther Hotel.

Forgiven a Second Time.

Then he forgave her for the second time. He had to take her back if she would promise never to speak to her lover again. She promised.

The war was still going on. Men were required to go to the rescue of Mafeking. Mr. Hankey was ordered to go with the rest. He joined his regiment, the Imperial Light Horse.

Before he went he arranged that his wife should go with their child to England, out of the way of temptation, he hoped.

But no sooner had he gone off again to the wars than she joined the man she had promised never to speak to again. With Attwell she made the voyage to England in the steamship Canada.

Very bitter was Mrs. Hankey's grief when she realised that she had lost her husband for ever. Mr. Barnard read extracts from her letter that showed how she again passed through the stages of repentance and desire for forgiveness.

First she wrote: "Good-bye, dear Sid. Think tenderly of me sometimes. I hope life will be spared to both, so that I can prove my remorse."

"Do Not Take My Baby."

When she received the papers that showed that her husband was seeking a divorce, and to get their little daughter under his charge, she wrote, making a piteous appeal:—

This is probably the last letter I shall ever write to you . . . Although I have been expecting it, and it has at last come, it is a terrible blow, and the clause "custody of the child" has never left my memory since I read it. Perhaps you think I am too unfaithful to make the request I am making. But for God's sake do not take my baby from me. She is all I have to make life livable. Having no nurse, she is my constant companion, and, oh, so dear. The last few years have brought home to me so vividly the terrible wrong I did to you and her.

Mrs. Hankey did not give up hope of persuading her husband to do what he had done twice before. She sent him a heart-broken request to be taken back.

But Mr. Hankey had tried mercy, and failed. Yesterday he got his decree nisi and the custody of the child his unhappy wife had begged so hard for.

CLARK'S BLOOD MIXTURE

THE WORLD-FAMED

BLOOD PURIFIER

is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities from whatever cause arising. In case of ECZEMA, SCROFULA, Scurvy, Bad Legs, Blood Poison, Boils, Pimples, Rheumatism, Gout, and all Skin and Blood Diseases, its effects are marvellous. Thousands of testimonials of wonderful cures from all parts of the world.

Sold by Chemists everywhere, 29 per Bottle.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

NEWS ITEMS AND PARAGRAPHS.

To maintain private rights the gates of Windsor Park will be closed to-day.

Mr. Sidney R. Flavel, eldest son of the Mayor of Leamington, has died from a motor-car accident.

In Cockspur-street yesterday a large crane collapsed, seriously injuring a workman, and many of whom had narrow escapes.

PRINCESS AS GOOD FAIRY.

The Princess of Wales, president of the Children's Happy Everlasting Association, has forwarded a number of toys and games for distribution among the branches of the association, which amuses 16,000 children weekly during the winter months.

SHIRE HORSES GO CHEAP.

Shire Horse Society's sales realised this year £27,455, as against £60,100 during 1903.

The decrease was owing to the bad prices realised, the average reached per animal being only £78, as against £107 the previous year.

IRISH LAW FOR LONDON.

The Finance and Parliamentary Committee of the Stepney Borough Council decided yesterday to recommend the council to support the action of the Hackney Borough Council to secure the Irish Land Acts, so far as the creation of fair rent courts, being made applicable to the metropolis.

NEW WELSH RAILWAY.

By a railway scheme projected by the Cambrian Railways Company it is proposed to open up the beautiful country skirting Cardigan Bay to tourist traffic.

The local landowners warmly approve the scheme, as it will benefit the agricultural and other industries of the district.

PRISONER'S PLEASANTY.

Facetious prisoners are commencing the yearly custom of wishing the magistrate a happy Christmas.

John Hewson, sentenced yesterday to two months' imprisonment for assaulting his wife, has inaugurated the pleasantry at Southwark Police Court.

HOLIDAYS FOR PUNCTUALITY.

Tiverton Education Committee has hit on a novel plan to secure not alone the good attendance of individual children at school, but a uniformly low average of absences.

In every school where the monthly attendance averages 90 per cent., a monthly half-holiday is to be granted permanently.

PURIFYING POLITICS.

Quite a quixotic idea is set up by the Grimsby branch of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants for the observance of Parliamentary candidates.

They have refused a donation of £2 2s. from Mr. H. H. Haldinstein, the Liberal candidate, adding that they do "so in the interests of electoral purity."

DEAF MUTES' PRIZE-DAY.

Yesterday was prize-day for the boys at the London County Council's Deaf School at Anerley, when there was on view a large number of specimens of the boys' work in carpentry, bootmaking, and brushmaking.

The school was started a few years ago, and the success which has attended it has realised all expectations, the boys being bright and happy and very quick at learning.

EAST END TRAMWAYS.

Important developments are taking place in the electric tramway enterprises in the eastern suburbs of the metropolis.

Works are being started for the linking up of the tramways in East Ham and Ilford, via Barking, and the authorities are also making arrangements for running cars over the entire routes without change, which will not only result in facilitating the services but in cheapening the fares.

HALF-MILLION CHILD BATHERS.

During the year ended September 29, 549,628 Manchester school-children were admitted free to the corporation baths and received swimming instruction.

At times, owing to the peaty discolouration of the Welsh water supply, the bottom of the deep end of the bath has been invisible. But the water is, nevertheless, exceptionally wholesome, and its remarkable softness makes for excellence as an aid to cleanliness.

LAW'S STRANGE DISTINCTION.

It never having been anticipated that petroleum would be exported from England, the Port of London Petroleum By-laws were made applicable only to imports.

Thus, captains of barges having cases of low-flash motor spirit on board light their fires and otherwise comport themselves as though their cargoes were ordinary hardware.

The Thames Conservancy have little hope that they will during next session be able to pass through Parliament an Act putting an end to this ridiculous distinction.

Henrik Johannessen, a well-known Norwegian violinist, has died at Ledbury.

After being held for 300 years, there is no Court Leet at Crediton this year.

Mr. Edgar Speyer's generosity to Needham Market is to be commemorated by a water fountain.

Mr. Justice Bigham will be the presiding Judge at the Central Criminal Court Sessions which open on Monday.

ENGLISH RACING MOTOR-BOATS.

In response to the French Club calling for entries for the British International, or Harmsworth, Cup, Mr. S. F. Edge has entered two Napier boats, one being a very light, unsinkable and self-righting model, twenty metres in length, called the Napier, and the other, Napier II., a steel boat of 120-h.p., forty feet in length.

Another Napier boat will be entered by Mr. Lionel de Rothschild, twelve metres in length, which will have the biggest six-cylinder engine that has ever been made. This will be a boat capable of taking the sea in almost any weather, and the most likely boat to win if conditions are adverse to the featherweight, Napier I.

VAGARIES OF THE COW.

At the meeting of the Monmouthshire Chamber of Agriculture Mr. R. Stratton showed that the milk dealer often suffered for the fault of the cow.

He took a white cow, as she was old, and a black cow, which was an average animal. The milk of the one gave 3.60 per cent. of butter fat, and the other 3.40, on November 1; but on November 3 the analyst's certificate of the samples from them was 1.60 per cent. and 5.10 per cent. respectively, yet both had the same food.

It was grossly unfair to convict a man on one analysis or one case. Evening milk was generally better than the morning's.

CLAIM FOR SUBSOIL.

At the Surveyors' Institution, Mr. Howard Martin, sitting yesterday as arbitrator, resumed the consideration of a claim for £15,000 by the London County Council against the Metropolitan Railway Company for the use of the subsoil of the Victoria Embankment-gardens, required for the extension of the Charing Cross and Temple Stations.

Mr. Roskill, K.C., addressed the arbitrator on behalf of the railway company, and claimed that the claim was not well founded, because the land could never be used for anything but gardens and roadways.

VICAR'S ATTITUDE ON MARRIAGE.

The rural dean of Poplar and the Vicar of St. Stephen's, Bow, the Rev. H. A. Mason, who recently startled London by his denunciation of smart society ladies, has issued another proclamation, equally startling, to his parishioners.

He says he wishes it to be known that he would rather not take the marriage-service for persons who have been guilty of certain sins.

The proper place for persons who have done wrong and yet wish to be legally united is the office of the registrar, where the civil sanction of the State can be given without degrading religion.

SAVING FIREMEN'S LUNGS.

Twenty gongs, at a cost of £4 4s. each, are being purchased by the Fire Brigade Committee to place on the London engines.

In future, therefore, the firemen will not have to shout their way through the traffic with their well-known cry "Hi! hi! hi!"

LAW COURTS CHRISTMAS.

The Judges of the Supreme Court will rise for the Christmas Vacation on Wednesday, the 21st, after which there will be no further sittings in court until Wednesday, January 11th next.

CUT OUT The Coupon Below TO-DAY

If you wish to make sure of securing one of the exquisite portrait Miniatures, which we are offering at such ridiculously low prices to advertise the "Daily Mirror," owing to the enormous demand, and the delicate and tedious nature of the work, it will be impossible for us to execute any more Christmas orders after

December 10th.

Don't wait until the Christmas rush. Send off your orders to-day and you will be rewarded by receiving your Miniatures in half the time it will take to execute them at the end of the week. It is impossible for you to form any conception of the real beauty of a "Daily Mirror" Miniature until you have seen one. No photograph, however perfect, can give you such a realistic and lifelike impression of yourself as one of these brilliant little portraits finished in water-colours. What more charming Christmas gift could one make to a friend than a portrait of himself or of his wife? We are able to offer these superb little Miniatures at only £1. extra for advertisement for the "Daily Mirror," that we are able to offer you these beautiful little Miniatures finished in water-colours and mounted as

PENDANT, 2/II; BROOCH, 3/3.

(Postage 2d.)

If you require a double Pendant, that is one with pictures on both sides, the price is only £1. extra.

How to Send for the Miniatures.—When sending for the "Daily Mirror" Brooch or Pendant fill in the Coupon below, enclose photograph and postal order crossed Coutts and Co., and send it to the Miniature Department, "Daily Mirror" Office, 2, Carmelite Street, E.C.

Please send the "Daily Mirror" . . .

[Here state whether you require Brooch or Pendant.]

WRITE Name . . .

PLAINLY Address . . .

Colour of Hair . . .

Complexion . . .

Colours of Eyes . . .

Dress . . .

Call at 45, New Bond Street, London, W., or 2, Carmelite Street, and see one.

"PENTECOSTAL DANCERS"

Prophecy That the End of the World Is Near.

"The end of the world is at hand. The Holy Dance warns people of its approach."

These words rang suddenly through the Camberwell Baths at yesterday's Pentecostal Service. As Mr. Harvey—for he was the speaker—hurled them from his lips, a sudden hush fell upon the audience. "We are in the latter days," he shouted. "Everything shows it."

"The dance may look ridiculous till you get used to it," he said later, "but we dance simply because we can't help it."

Meanwhile, Camberwell is coming round to the dancers' side. The audiences are greater and more respectable, and in every service there are crowds to see the dancers by the hand. The council, too, have satisfied themselves that the service is done decently and in order. Councillor George, chairman of the baths committee, took a representative body of councillors to a service, and they all agreed that there was no cause to interfere.

The Rev. Frank Smith has made his protest, but he is obviously in the minority. "They never ask for money," said Mr. George, "they pay their rent, and, I believe, are in earnest. We don't perhaps agree with their methods, but see no reason to take action."

NO MORE APPLE BLOSSOM.

Invasion of Seedless Trees Will Revolutionise Our Orchards.

With the introduction of the seedless apple the whole aspect of the British orchards will be altered. There will then be no apple blossom to gladden the eye in the early autumn, for the seedless tree bears nothing but clusters of leaves around each apple.

But, according to Mr. Sampson Morgan, who writes in the "Nineteenth Century," the flavour of the seedless apple is beyond criticism, while it improves with every season.

There are 2,000 seedless apple trees already in the market. In the spring of 1906 there will be 2,500,000 of them.

THE CITY.

Shadows of the Dardanelles Question

—Anglo-Chinese Gamble Checked

—Kaffirs Firm.

CARL COURT, Monday Evening.—Stock markets opened to-day under the influence of the Black Sea Fleet discussion. Any fresh Russian matter is a bad influence, and the Dardanelles question at once "caught on." Not that it interfered much with prices, but markets, as a whole, were dull all the day, and generally throughout the day there was considerable business.

There was a good deal of interest in the coal market, as the day was inclined to forget this little political possibility, and to see encouragement in the hopeful money market, promising relatively easy returns. Domestic stocks, and particularly those of iron in the Bank rate. The markets closed firmer, with Consols hard in tendency at 85, and the New Zealand new issue £ premium, which is enough perhaps to avoid a hasco and not enough to entice many fresh borrowers. No bad combination, but it stood.

In the Home Railway market much the same interest was at work as there is observable in the London, Charing Cross, and the Lancashire and Yorkshire stocks. The lines serve Lancashire, and not only are they coming to an agreement about their competing traffic but the arrangement is to be extended to the West Coast, and the United States Government, promising cotton for Lancashire, and this leads to trade expectations. Metropolis were dull, perhaps due to engagements into the Far East. Coal Committee was also to fear a delimitation in due later. The Brighton traffic increase was 2,008, and as this followed an increase last year, it is not easy to see why the market grumbled about it, but the Southern market was not so bad, and a rise was due. It is clear now that there is no Chatham Amalgamation. Parliamentary Bill for next session. City and South London £290 decrease.

American Rails Hopeful.

American rails have not been at all bad, the cotton news naturally helping Southerns. There was buying, too, in the coalier group, such as Ontario, Readings, and Chesapeakes. Steels were wanted. The close, in fact, was hopeful.

Canadian rails are better, and naturally the Canadian Pacific traffic increase of £233,000 was then. Then the fact that the two days' protest strike at Rosario has apparently little turned effect, and the Rosario men are back to work again. The Rosario men were a good proportion before the strike seemed to check up Argentine rails. After the long spell of heavy profit-taking, the Mexican group was better, but not merely Mexican rails themselves, but other less Southern favourites, such, for instance, as Mexican Southern at 66.

Japanese new scrip is £ premium, but there have been very few features in the International market since the last meeting, and the market has been quiet. Rio Tinto spurted to 61 to 63 at one time. Evidently there is great belief in the copper position.

The Anglo-Chinese gamble has been checked, but it was always confined to a very narrow area. Pekins tumbled back to 11, and Shansi were offered at 17s. 6d. to-day. The Argentine meat group keeps strong, and Nelsons have been good at 23s. The special services, and the Argentine railways, were supported by the cotton crop news referred to in a preceding paragraph. Calicos, for instance, are 12s. bid.

Kaffirs have been quite firm. There has been nothing higher on the day. Rhodesians, perhaps, were rather an exception, though Rhodesia Explorations were put up on the meeting. Bankers were dull at 3s. The special services were supported by the cotton crop news of which Kaffirs were hoisted, such, for instance, as Harmony Proprietary, on the talk of the Delagoa Bay Railway being pulled into the dust. The neutrals are idle and rather flat. West African rails have been marked principally without a feature. Prices were marked down a little against holders of Indians, and in the Egyptian mining market there was not nearly so much doing.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are at 4, CARMELITE-STREET, LONDON, E.C.
TELEPHONES: 1810 and 1811 Holborn.
The West End Office of the *Daily Mirror* are at 45 and 46, NEW BOND-STREET, LONDON, W.
TELEPHONE: 1886 Gerrard.
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Refixed," London.
PARIS OFFICE: 25, Rue Taitbout.

Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1904.

AN IMPERIAL IDEA.

SELDOM does a scheme receive such prompt attention as is being given just now to that of a lady who has come back from Canada full of a proposal that guardians of the poor should board out their pauper children in that Colony instead of at home.

Already a Mansion House meeting has been called to discuss this idea, while this week the London Chamber of Commerce will also consider it. Unless some unforeseen difficulty lies in the path of the plan, it stands a good chance of being put into operation as soon as Parliament can be induced to pass a Bill giving guardians the necessary powers. If this hopeful forecast should be justified, we should indeed have a sign at last that England had begun to wake up.

The benefit to the children would be enormous. They would be taken to farms—fifteen or twenty to each—and taught the whole round of farming life. The boys would learn to plough, to sow, and reap, to do everything that a boy with his wits about him can do on a farm. The girls would be trained as dairymaids, cooks, and so on. It might be as well also to make some of the boarding-out centres schools of carpentry or engineering, and to teach some of the boys' trades.

Think of the advantages! Health and strength, useful occupation, experience of a country and a climate different from the Homeland, a fresh outlook upon life; last, but not least, the chance of staying in the new Britain instead of coming back to these overcrowded islands. And there would be an advantage to the ratepayer too, for it is calculated that the new way of looking after the "children of the parish" would be cheaper than the old.

The scheme has so much to recommend it, in fact, that one wonders nobody has proposed it before. Hope for the future depends upon the care we take of those who will inherit the future. Nothing could be better for them than such a life as is suggested. Indeed, we shall be surprised if this good fortune is left to very poor children. Farm schools and technical schools all over the Empire would provide as good an education as could be desired for all alike.

HOW TO SAVE THE STAGE.

BY A WORKING ACTOR.

The announcement that Mr. Beerbohm Tree has reduced the fees of his academy, perhaps "university," of acting brings the Regeneration of the Drama well within the sphere of the practical. Mr. Tree may yet become a sort of General Booth of the Drama, at the head of a vast revivalist organisation for the Salvation of the Stage.

If the fees could be adjusted to meet the purses of provincial actors "returned empty" to "the dramatic cab-stand," which is the Strand, they might profit by occasional lectures at his school, and at last the touring actor could gain something of that varied experience which is vouch-safed to the industrious amateur.

Many an actor who would willingly hunt with the hounds of Fame has to be content with the beagles of Commerce. That is, he must sacrifice his thirst for knowledge to the practical needs of his pocket, and take an engagement which brings him money for a continuous period even if it does not offer a round of experience.

If the academy were cheap enough the earnest would flock to it in their spare time. If only actors practised their work as much as music-hall performers do the stage would come into its own again.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

When we try, even a little, to follow Truth and Beauty in our lives, we find ourselves in a different atmosphere. No longer can we speak any word that is not true.—*Masterlink*.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THE KING is being entertained this week at the house of one of his oldest friends, Lord Farquhar, of Castle Rising, Norfolk. Lady Farquhar is also a favourite with the Royal Family, and often dines quietly with the Queen when the King is away on some important duty. They have a beautiful house in Grosvenor-square, as well as their Norfolk seat, and they have filled it with the finest French furniture and works of art.

But Castle Rising, which is near Sandringham, is their favourite home for many reasons.

Lord Farquhar knows Norfolk from end to end, and is very popular amongst the natives. Once, as a little boy, he laid the foundations of his popularity in an amusing way. He was staying at Cromer on his tenth birthday, and, happening to

pass the village school, looked in and saw the boys at work. Then he boldly marched in, walked up to the master, and asked to see a specimen of the boys' handwriting. He looked at it for a moment and then remarked in an authoritative way: "I can't say much for the writing, but I will waive that matter, and, boys, as it happens to be my birthday, I give you all a half-holiday." The boys rushed out, cheering, under the nose of the astonished master, who was too much taken aback to say a word.

Among the guests invited to meet the King and Queen of Portugal at Welbeck Abbey, where the Duke of Portland was to have entertained their Majesties this week, were Lord and Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox. They are both very popular, not only in society, but also amongst their tenants and villagers at Broughton Castle, near Banbury. There they spend a great deal of their time with their only daughter Ivy, who is just making her début in society.

Broughton Castle is famous for its gardens, and it is Lady Algernon herself who is responsible for them. She superintends every detail, and is quite an expert on roses and their culture. Her country life, therefore, absorbs much of her time, but still she has always had the reputation of being one of the best dressed women in London. One need scarcely add that she is beautiful to those who remember that she is a sister of Lady Warwick. She belongs to a family famous for good looks.

It is unfortunate that the Queen of Portugal's visit to us should have been so much saddened by the illness of her charming sister, the Duchess of Aosta, and that her Majesty should have been obliged to leave England for Turin. The sisters have always been devoted to one another. The Duchess, like the Queen, is an exceedingly cultivated and also a very witty woman.

She is well known in England, speaks English perfectly, and has had it taught to her children, so that they speak it quite as well as Italian. The Duchess was in England at the time of King Edward's illness, and she was of the greatest assistance and consolation to Queen Alexandra at that critical moment. Her many friends here have followed the bulletins about her condition with the greatest anxiety.

Old playgoers will all wish they could pay a visit to the Lyric Theatre to-day to renew their memories of Miss Ellen Terry's Portia, and to see the Shylock of Mr. "Norman Forbes." Mr. Forbes is not seen nearly enough in London. Indeed, at one time he had almost ceased to be an actor, and had taken up art-collecting, giving the firm of Bawden, in Bond-street, the benefit of his taste and judgment. Now he is an actor again, as everybody will be glad to know who remembers his inimitable Cloten, in Sir Henry Irving's production of "Cymbeline."

King Leopold of Belgium has shown once again that he understands how to enjoy life. He has just bought a beautiful site for a palace, which he intends to build at Cap d'Antibes where the Riviera sun shines all the year round. The King is a very accomplished man, and shines in society as a brilliant talker. At diplomatic receptions he may be seen moving from group to group, never forgetting who anybody is, and always finding the right thing to say to everybody.

Actresses are generally married by the public several times before they marry themselves. The public cannot understand how a woman can pretend to be in love with an actor on the stage without actually being in love with him in real life. Miss Maud Jeffries, when she was playing in "The Sign of the Cross," was said to be engaged to the late Mr. Wilson Barrett, but the rumour was at once denied. Now at last the real news of her marriage to a Mr. James Osborne, son of a wealthy squatter in New Zealand, has arrived.

Miss Jeffries first acted out in Mississippi, before the darkies on her father's plantation there. Perhaps she might never have appeared before anybody but darkies had it not been for money losses, which compelled her to work for her living. She did not have a particularly long fight before gaining recognition. She had acted subordinate parts in Mr. Barrett's company for some time without attracting any special attention, when one night at the actor's house she was asked to recite before some friends of his. She did so with such electrifying success that he at once asked her to be his leading lady. This meant learning fourteen long parts in three weeks. However, she did it.

IN MY GARDEN THIS MORNING.

DECEMBER 6.—A garden must be thoroughly understood before it can be made a thing of beauty. To master all its possibilities may take years. Peculiarities of climate and soil must be carefully studied.

For instance, in one garden, wallflowers will thrive without attention; in another they hardly live. I know many gardens where begonias refuse to grow; in mine it flourishes like a weed. Violets planted in a shady bed may refuse to bloom. Yet experience will perhaps teach us that the common iris is perfectly at home there.

Every corner of the garden should be made beautiful, but only thought and study will enable this to be done.

E. F. T.

THE NEW WELSH FOOTBALLER.



Special efforts are being made by Evan Roberts, the young Welsh evangelist, to "convert" football-players. He is said to have had a good deal of success in this direction.

A MAN OF THE HOUR.

Mr. Oswald Stoll.

WHAT sort of a man is this proprietor of music-halls, into whose hands events promise to put the largest business of that kind in the world?

He is very unlike what you probably imagine. To begin with, he is a teetotaler and a non-smoker. He is a philosopher, and has written a book on the immortality of the soul. He is a reserved man, who scarcely ever smiles. Stern-looking is the term usually applied to him.

A marvellous head for business. A good judge of the kind of performance that will attract a man who makes up his mind quickly and does not change it. But as great a contrast to the popular idea of a music-hall manager—expansive shirt-front and manner to match, jewellery galore; an ever-present smile, etc.—as could possibly be imagined.

Already managing-director of ten of the largest music-halls in London and the provinces, he will, on the 19th, open the huge Coliseum in St. Martin's-lane, and will shortly succeed also to the management of the Hippodrome and the fifteen Empire Palaces connected with the Moss Empires, Limited.

He will then represent the largest music-hall and variety theatre combination in the world.

Small wonder, then, that he is, above all things else, a worker. He has no vanities, no hobbies (except philosophy), no recreations, no relaxations. He has never seen either a public dinner or at private parties. His entire life is spent at his office or in watching performers at his music-halls. His most usual bed is in a sleeping-car on the train.

He learnt his business under the guidance of his mother, in Cardiff, and has never forgotten the lesson this remarkable woman taught him. It may even be due to her that he is the only music-hall manager who has ever written a book on the immorality of the soul.

KERBSTONE RESTAURANTS.

"In what club, restaurant, hotel, or home can be found potatoes so admirably cooked as those in the street corner shop, who certainly more appetizingly cooked than that which is sold at from the hotel or restaurant? The potato-can man and the chestnut man are distinct benefactors to a section of the public, for they provide cheap, good, and excellently cooked food to the cold and hungry man which at the same time comforts and warms?"—Lancet.

You may talk about the Cecil or Carlton, You may sing the Trocadero or Savoy.

Where, from every foreign land,

Dainty dishes are to hand

For the Newhaven Daisin to enjoy.

But on me such feasts are absolutely wasted;

I'd rather you would buy me any day

Top o' the mornin' from the can

Or the baked potato man

Or the merchant with the roasted chestnut tray.

A piping hot potato in the pocket

Will warm the coldest carcass through and through.

Then, to aggravate the heat,

The potato you can eat,

Which will give you inward cheer and comfort, too.

The nourishment you find within a chestnut

Will sustain the largest, hardest-working man.

Let me then propose a toast:

"Here's to chestnuts nicely roast

And to taters, hot and sizzling from the can!"

There was a hitch in the conversation. He seemed a trifle nervous and she seemed a trifle bored. Finally he said:

"What a lovely evening for a walk."

"Indeed it is," she replied. "Would you like to take a walk?"

"Above all things," he assented eagerly.

"Then why don't you?" she queried. And he did.—Chicago News.

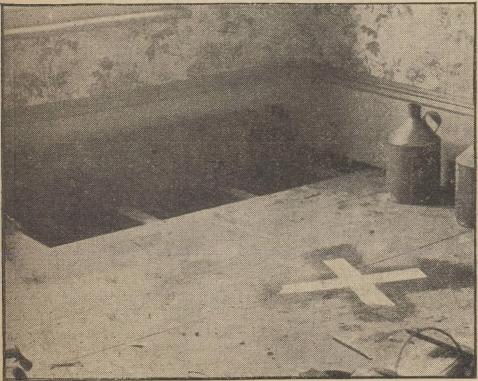
TODAY'S NEWS ILLUSTRATED

MISS FARMER'S MAGPIE HOARD.



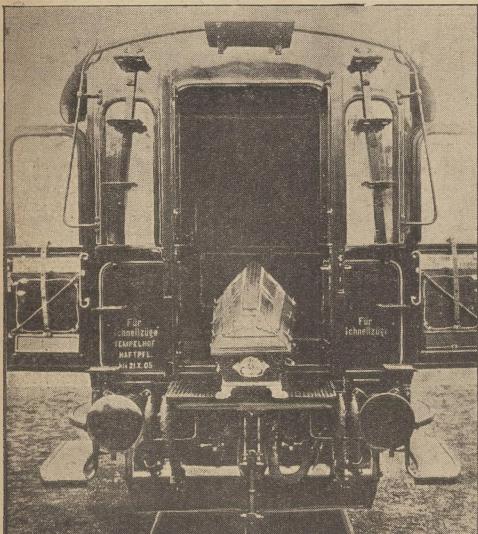
This photograph shows the trinkets which were discovered under the floor of the room where Miss Farmer's body was found, at 478, Commercial-road, E. These jewels are valued at between £90 and £100, and unless proof is forthcoming that the articles belonged to the murdered woman they will be regarded as "treasure trove," and will revert to the Crown. The articles were found in the bag and tobacco-box at the back of the picture.

WHERE THE HOARD WAS FOUND.



The room where Miss Farmer's body was found, showing the board, indicated by a cross, under which the jewellery shown in the above photograph was discovered.

SPECIAL FUNERAL CARRIAGE.



The German railway companies are now building luxurious cars for carrying the dead. This improvement might well be adopted on the British lines, instead of carrying the coffin in a luggage van, as is usual. The compartments are fitted up like chapels.

SWARING ALLEGIANCE



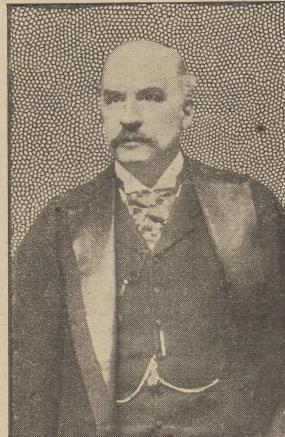
This solemn ceremony takes place annually. The recruits to the A take the oath of allegiance. The Emperor is indicated by

DUCHESS OF AOSTA ILL.



A recent portrait of the Queen of Portugal's sister, who lies seriously ill at Turin. Queen Amelia left London for Turin shortly after noon yesterday, and their Majesties of Portugal's visit to Welbeck has been postponed.

MR. PIERPONT MORGAN.



King Victor Emmanuel has conferred the Grand Cross of the Crown of Italy upon Mr. Morgan for his generosity in restoring the Cope of Pope Nicholas IV., and the Government has presented him with a gold medal.

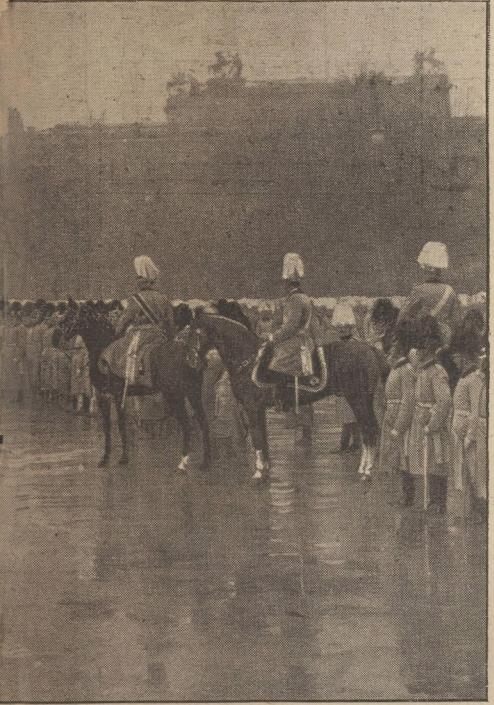
KING OF PORTUGAL AND THE PORTUGUESE AMBASSY



King Carlos, with the Marquis de Soveral, the Portuguese Ambassador, in the snow, while on their way to a shoot at G

PICTURES FROM ALL PARTS.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR.



Army are paraded before the Kaiser, and, raising their right hands, a white +. Our photograph has just been taken at Berlin.

CHINESE AMBASSADOR.



England, photographed in
orth.

STREET-SWEEPER'S CLAIM.



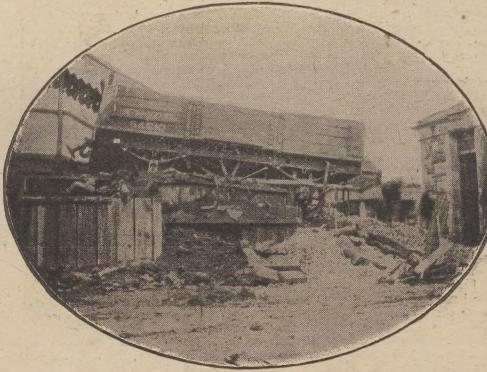
Charles Cooper, who for the last twenty-one years has acted as crossing-sweeper at Park-street, W., claims to be heir to estates valued at £200,000.

"THE DEIL O' LOGIE."



A cross marks the secret furnace where what are supposed to be charred ashes of human bones have just been discovered at Logie House, near Dundee. This revives the legend of Fletcher, the "Deil o' Logie," who, it is said, starved his Indian wife, Kalu, to death.

SOUTH WALES RAILWAY SMASH.



This truck was driven through the stop-blocks at Llantarnam Junction by the portion of a goods train which broke from its couplings and ran down an incline at thirty miles an hour. By the prompt action of the railway officials a serious accident was averted.

TO-DAY'S WEDDING.



Lady Violet Poulett, sister of the present Lord Poulett, who is to be married to-day—
(Photograph by Esmé Collings.)



—to Mr. Cecil Rhys Wingfield, at St. Peter's, Eaton-square.—(Lafayette.)

LORD ROBERTS AT PRETORIA



Lord Roberts in masonic regalia, on his way to lay the foundation-stone of the Victoria Home, Pretoria, during his recent tour in South Africa.—(Nicholls and Byrne, Pretoria.)

THE JUDGE'S SECRET.

By ANDREW LORING,

Author of "Mr. Smith of England."

PERSONS OF THE STORY.

Sir ALANSON GASCOYNE, Judge of the High Court.

LADY GASCOYNE (Rosamond), his Wife.

RICHARD DEVERILL, in love with Lady Gascoyne. She has compromised herself by visiting his chambers, but of this her husband is still ignorant.

Mrs. LA GRANGE, Lady Gascoyne's friend, a social butterfly, heavily in debt.

HAROLD SOMERTON, Mrs. La Grange's brother, a blackguard, now in prison, but has since made amends. Knowing of the intrigue between Deverill and Lady Gascoyne, he blackmails Deverill into helping him to regain his position in society. This includes getting his old friend who for so long has "cut" him, £2,000 to invite him to dinner.

GERTRUDE GASCOYNE, the Judge's sister, whom Somerton has set his heart on marrying.

Mr. BRASSER, a millionaire, in love with Gertrude. He left London on an exploring expedition, but his means were announced. His will included a legacy to Deverill.

Miss ELTON, daughter of an Armenian money-lender. On the death of her father she carries on the business, and secretly gives the profits to relieve her distressed countrymen.

SKELTON, secretary to the late Mr. Brasser, now his executor.

JANE BROWN. In Mr. Brasser's early days, as a poor country boy, he was her lover, but left her to come to London, where he made his immense fortune.

HUGH MORDAUNT, a client in Miss Elton's office. Both Miss Elton and Gertrude Gascoyne are in love with him.

"And does he know about the little dinner-party to-night?"

Gertrude smiled and shook her head.

"A Judge," she said, "is bound to be a little severe in his views sometimes. We are going to give Mr. Somerton a chance to prove himself worthy of my brother's regard before we ask Alanson to give it. I am sure it will come, though. Mr. Deverill supports Mr. Somerton—and that proves to me that everything is all right."

"Lucky Mr. Deverill," laughed Lady Chetnole. "He had twenty thousand pounds that might have been yours, Gertrude. Fancy, if you had accepted Mr. Brasser, you would be dressed in the most becoming weeds now, and be so horribly rich that you'd look down on us poor people with our paupery few thousands a year."

"Poor Mr. Brasser," said Gertrude. "It was very sudden, wasn't it? I can't understand why I ever thought of him, even for an instant. I must have been under a kind of spell."

"You are still," thought Lady Chetnole, but she was very careful not to say it aloud. She resented it, bitterly, that Gertrude continued to cherish her unhappy love for the hopeless Hugh Mordaunt. In that respect she confessed to herself that Gertrude disappointed her very much.

Lady Chetnole made three determined efforts to get out of that room and get to bed, but Gertrude detained her and continued to chatter with an amazing volubility. The girl, in fact, feared to be left alone. She knew she should not sleep all the night, that the picture of Hugh Mordaunt, falling down in the open street, would be always before her eyes—and yet, she could not despise him. She despised herself because she could not. At last, however, Lady Chetnole got away, and Gertrude was left to a sleepless night.

At nine o'clock the next morning the girl, tired out, despaired, solemnly resolved that she would not go to the hospital to inquire after Hugh Mordaunt. At ten o'clock, she resolved to dispatch an express delivery letter with instructions to the bearer to await a written reply. At twelve she stood in the matron's room at the hospital.

Connie Aldridge received her with an air of disdainful superiority.

"He is progressing," said the latter loftily. "Now that you are satisfied about that, look!"

She waved a hand towards crowded vases, towards a great bunch of grapes in her own dish.

"How lovely!" said the surprised Gertrude, as she helped herself to a few beautiful bunches.

"Yes," answered the matron with sarcastic ironization: "you see that they are not in the invalid's room—and those grapes, I shall eat them—do you hear?—that is, unless you will stay to lunch and have some yourself."

"He is worse!" exclaimed Gertrude, wheeling suddenly on her friend, "and you are afraid to tell me!"

"He is not, and I am not afraid of anything except your foolish heart. Go away, Gertrude. Leave him and his memory behind you. He is not worthy of you. You've had simply a beast of a night. You look like a rag. I felt it again, Gertrude; I felt it this morning as I stood over his bed—the homicidal impulse came over me. Oh, I could have choked him."

"I think," said Gertrude, smiling sadly at the serio-comic tirade, "that the safest thing to do is to stop here and watch you, Connie. You've come so frightfully bloodthirsty."

"Who wouldn't?" cried the indignant matron. "When these silly flowers came last night I felt like throwing them out in the gutter."

"Ferocious Connie—you would assault him and banish me—but why rage against the poor flowers? They are innocent enough."

"They are tainted with the folly of the sender," cried the fierce matron. "Gertrude, I give you up."

"But I didn't send them. "My poor child. Then you are one degree less idiotic than I thought—and two degrees more miserable, for you have a rival."

"They were for him, then?"

"For him, too,—the undeserving creature. Only a woman could be so silly as to send heavy-scented flowers like that to a sick man. You telegraphed, I suppose."

"I forgot all about it."

"The mystery is no mystery, then. In what sympathetic lap did you lay your head and confess your deed of yesterday? I dare say she sympathised with you, whoever she was, and the minute your back was turned the little feline person ran off and sent these things to him. Do have a grape."

Gertrude recoiled from the dish abruptly presented to her.

"I thought so," cried the matron, "you wouldn't touch one—no, not if you were burning with thirst in a fiery desert. You hate her—the woman who sent these—oh, don't deny it. It's written all over your face. I daresay she's young and pretty. You'll choose an older confidant next time."

Gertrude felt bitterly angry with herself that her face flamed with resentment at Miriam Elton's presumption. The girl who had lacked the pluck to help him in his moment of need, who had vanished from Gertrude's side in that heart-breaking moment when she had stood over the fallen man, had dared to send fruit and flowers. It seemed to Gertrude not only a gross indelicacy, but to confirm what she had heard the night before of the innate vulgarity of the money-lender's daughter.

Gertrude declared that her sister-in-law was improving every day, that she was becoming more gentle, more considerate, was more devoted to her husband than she had ever been before.

"We seem to understand one another ever so much better," Gertrude declared, "and we get on swimmingly together. She is so perfectly sweet to Alanson—that's the main reason, I believe, that I was so glad to fall into her little plan about Mr. Somerton."

"Always loyal to your brother," said Lady Chetnole, smiling. "You think of him first; you judge all by the way they act towards him."

"He deserves it," was the confident response.

"He's so fair and so kind, and he doesn't know

anything about the pettinesses and the small mean things of life. I used to get so vexed with Rosamond—but I have forgiven her everything now. She's so devoted to him."

"On second thoughts," she cried, "I shall not eat them myself. Perhaps he will be well enough to enjoy them before they've gone off completely. If you like you may tell me the sender's name, that I may carry it on to him; or shall I say that they have come from an unknown admirer?"

"Please don't be cruel, Connie," pleaded Gertrude softly, as the tears came into her eyes, "I daresay I deserve it all, but don't hit me when I'm down."

The impulsive Connie clasped her in her arms.

"I simply can't help it," she murmured apologetically. "If you are determined to dissolve into pulp, Gertrude, well, you must have your own way. I hadn't meant to tell you, but that person upstairs had been delirious all night. He is now."

"I knew he was worse. Will he—will he—"

She broke away from her friend, and stood with parted lips, waiting, yet fearing, the answer to her unfinished question.

"No, dear, he will not," answered the matron, in a voice completely softened. There was no longer room for anger, the misery of the girl was too great. "There is not the slightest danger in the world. This condition was to be expected. He has a fine constitution, and he has not abused it quite long enough to have undermined it. He'll get over the fever in a day or two—in the meantime he chatters, chatters, all the time."

"Awful," cried Gertrude. "Poor Hughie."

The matron looked at her and hesitated. She had made up her mind solemnly that she would not confess as much as she had confessed as to his condition. Now the appealing misery of the friend whom she loved was tempting her to go further, to administer what might be a momentary grain of consolation. She feared its effect in the future, but Gertrude's dejected attitude decided her to choose for the present 'let come what might.'

"Yes," she said, "he chatters all the time about Somerset, and green fields and trees—and the path through the glen."

"Oh!" cried Gertrude, catching her breath. The path through the glen had been her favourite walk. How often she had loitered through its leafy shade with Hugh Mordaunt by her side. She looked a question with flushing cheeks.

"Yes," answered Connie Aldridge, flinging up her hands as though to say that she disclaimed all consequences, "he talks only of the times when you were with him, and he speaks only your name."

Gertrude dropped into a chair by the side of the table, buried her head in her hands, and sobbed. The matron slipped over the door and softly turned the key. Then she knelt on the floor by the side of her friend and patted her firm, round arm about Gertrude's neck. She petted her as she would a little child, called her endearing names, and caressed her affectionately, and ere long the storm had abated.

"Can I see him?" asked Gertrude suddenly.

"In for a penny, in for a pound," thought the matron, careless of everything now save consolation.

"Is he—he is much changed?" Gertrude asked, as she walked up the stairs on tiptoe.

Mrs. Aldridge shook her head, and blaming herself severely for what she called her sentimental folly, opened the door, and Gertrude followed slowly over the threshold. She did not dare for an instant to look towards the bed. An incessant murmuring sound came to her ears, and then she recognised her own name. She went over and looked down. The face that she saw was wrinkled as in pain; the eyes were closed, but the lips moved all the time. The utterance was rapid and indistinct, but after an instant she could make out every word.

"They've gone right away from us," he said, "and we're lost, Gertrude."

She knew instantly. She remembered vividly every incident of that day, that bright, August day, in which they had been following the stag-hounds on the Quantocks. The two were on horseback amid a sea of bracken, yellow in tint now in the hot air of midsummer.

"I don't mind, Hughie, with you."

The words came involuntarily to her lips. They were those she had used on the day itself.

The sick man smiled, just as he had done that day.

"Nor I, with you," he answered. "Let's get up to the hilltop, we shall know where we are."

"It's so lovely here," she said softly, as she bent down closer over him. "Don't let's know too soon, Hughie."

"I'm glad you're saddle turned," he answered. "I'd much rather be here than following. We can have a little picnic all on our own."

"Yes, Hughie. There's water down there—down the dell on that side."

"Come along," he said, raising his voice. "God, I am thirsty!"

He placed a restless hand to his head as he spoke. Gertrude knew that these last words were not a memory. He had not said them on that day. She looked at Connie. In an instant the glass was placed in her hand, and she supported his head while he drank.

"That was good," he whispered as his head sank back on the pillow. He began to laugh, then suddenly he opened his eyes wide. Gertrude started back; but he did not recognise her.

"Miriam—Miriam Elton," he cried, "she is very beautiful."

Gertrude's face flushed and she stood up straight.

"There's somebody coming," whispered the matron, "quick." And Gertrude hurried from the room.

(To be continued.)

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THE PROBLEM OF THE POOR.

A Practical Plan for Permanent Empire-building.

CHILDREN MUST BE FED.

By Dr. MACNAMARA, M.P.

You may take it from me that this morning of the 763,000 children in attendance at London's elementary schools 3,000 went to school with nothing at all inside their stomachs, and 60,000 with just that crust of bread which will leave them ravenous at twelve o'clock.

You may take it from me further that another 100,000 got a breakfast hopelessly insufficient in quantity and painfully inappropriate in quality. Well! We are not going to build empire like this! What can be done? Leave the ministration to these children's need to the precarious hand of charity? Certainly not. Do as other nations do. Make the matter one of grim and serious public responsibility.

What do I suggest? Three things:—

1. No London child must go to school hungry. We can't afford to let him.

2. Parents who can make proper provision for their youngsters must; if they neglect their duty—as many do—through drunken, thriftless, self-indulgent habits, scarily them. Develop a conscience in them through the medium of sharp, relentless, continuous punishment.

3. Parents who cannot—as a result of ill-health, misfortune, or lack of employment—make due provision must have that provision made for them without any suspicion of pauperisation.

GOOD SQUARE MEALS FOR ALL!

How would I go to work? I would schedule all the slum areas for my feeding scheme. The schools in those areas would be linked together by threes and fours, and each group provided with a dining-hall.

Parents would be informed that books of coupon tickets were procurable at all public offices in the district. They would go and get them, paying for them if they could; getting them gratuitously if they could not.

In the morning, before going to school, each youngster will get his dinner coupon from his mother or father. All coupons would be identical, and could be used for or not. At midday the youngsters would march off to the dining hall, hand in the coupons, and get a good square meal of soup, rice pudding, jam pudding, and so on.

I begin with the dinner. The breakfast, where needed, could be rapidly added. Children unsupplied with dinner coupons would get them from the teachers. After having fed the youngsters I would come back on the parent, and, if he was in a position to pay, and hadn't done so, would make him stump up. Machinery exists to-day in the Education Acts, the Industrial Schools Acts, and the Prevention of Cruelty to Children Act, which, with a slight alteration in either case, would enable me to get back on the parent and keep his nose to the grindstone where he had manifestly been seeking to shake off that duty to his youngster which he was also manifestly easily able to accomplish.

To the others, the sick, the unemployed, and the unfortunate, I wouldn't say a word, except of genuine commiseration and practical sympathy.

A HALFPENNY IN THE POUND.

The cost? I would ask voluntary subscriptions. I would collect at all marriages at West End churches for the Free Dinner Fund. I would dip into the Imperial Exchequer. Lots of money is spent in this country on far less wise projects than this. I would take the fee of the paying parent, and collect the fine from the non-paying parent who could pay but wanted to shuffle out.

On the Paris estimate—Paris does all this—I should want 4d. in the pound, at the outside, from the London rates. Why not? Real Empire-building this.

The ratepayer is now maintaining at heavy cost in infirmary and workhouse the derelicts to whom, as neglected scraps of humanity twenty and thirty years ago, he didn't give a second thought. Why not contribute when they are young, and make them effective members of the community?

A ha'penny in the pound! Well! The school rate in London is now 1s. 2d. It is mostly wasted where it is not needed, because the youngsters are probably unfit to learn. Make it 1s. 2d., and you'll get a fruitful and benificent result from your whole expenditure.

A ha'penny in the pound! Well, remember what Disraeli winds up "Sjöbl" with:—"And the youth of a nation are the trustees of posterity!"

T. J. MACNAMARA.

WHAT IS "JOVIAL SEVEN"?

A German court of law has been discussing the question whether Poker is a game of chance.

Finally, it has laid down that skill decided the players' good or bad fortune, and that playing Poker therefore could not be called gambling.

In the course of the hearing a high official declared his view. Anybody, he said, could play "jovial seven," but Poker required real hard thought. Is "jovial seven" a purly German game?

OTHER OPINIONS.

SOME OF THE MANY LETTERS ON THE PROBLEM FROM OUR READERS.

BLAMING THE SCHOOLS.

If children could leave school at twelve years of age, and be taught domestic economy, temperance, hygiene, thrif, cooking, housework, etc., instead of a lot of the stuff their heads are crammed with now, I believe they would make better employees, husbands and wives, fathers and mothers, and we should see less poverty.

OSSEVER.

"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN SOLD AND GIVEN TO THE POOR."

Was this really profound remark ever more appropriate than at the present time? While men are starving others are busy collecting money to put up a statue to Shakespeare. CECIL BROOKING. 10, King-street, W.C.

"A STALE GIBE."

As evidence in support of the declaration that "Socialism is no use," your correspondent once more retails for our edification the old chestnut of "Rothschild and the poor man." Is this the last and best thing that can be said for socialist advo-cated by such men of culture as Karl Marx, Engels, Lafargue, Tautz, Morris, Carpenter and Crane—to name a few who have enlisted their talents in the service of this great ideal?

Stoke Newington. C. RAVEN.

THE LABOUR PARTY AND THE POOR.

What is required to solve the unemployed problem is nationalisation of land and national organisation of labour.

The Liberals and Tories have no solution to offer for the great mass of misery which confronts us, but there is another Party prepared and determined to grapple with it, and that is the new Labour Party. If the workers will only be true to themselves, a system will be brought about which will stop the wealthy classes from taking that wealth which rightly belongs to the people who create it. Tiverton-street, Grimsby. W. B. RAMSEY.

AN APPEAL FROM TOTTENHAM.

The elected representatives of Tottenham most earnestly solicit subscriptions in aid of the unemployed committee. All monies collected will be applied, partly in providing immediate necessities for families where the breadwinner is out of work, partly in assisting the labour office in providing work for deserving cases.

We have thousands out of work, and the distress is terrible.

T. L. DAVIDS (Chairman of the Committee.)

T. F. FORDE (Hon. Secretary).

Labour Office, 670, Seven Sisters-road, South Tottenham.



ANOTHER "LINE AND RHYME."

To Balfour says Joe, "You're the greatest of men; I've said it before, and I'll say it again." Says Balfour to Joseph, "It's perfectly true,

No couple are equal to me and to you; And the country we govern is safe as can be,

So long as it's governed by you and by me."

From "Cartoons in Rhyme and Line," by Sir Wilfrid Lawson, M.P., and F. Carruthers Gould, which we reviewed yesterday. It is published by Fisher Unwin at 4s. 6d.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

The other day a French journal said that a certain barrister in Paris was going to marry the ex-Queen of Madagascar. This is how the barrister answered the suggestion:—"I do not know the ex-Queen of Madagascar, and I have never dreamt of marrying her. I could not cherish such a black design. However, I have no ill-will against the humourist who has given me this gratuitous advertisement, and I shall be glad to know his name, that I may thank him. Another time you must not let him take you in so easily." If only all persons about whom incorrect statements are inadvertently made would show the same good temper and good sense!

LAST NIGHT'S PLAY.

ANOTHER ELIZABETHAN TRAGEDY AT THE ROYALTY THEATRE.

Mr. Philip Carr finds that his Elizabethan tragedies are less appreciated than the comedies he produces. This is why he means to put on "The Confederacy" again in place of Dekker's "Bellfront." Last night the "Maid's Tragedy," which proceeds from violent events to a truly Renaissance end, with bodies strewing the stage, was listened to, it must be confessed, with curiosity rather than enthusiasm.

The truth is we find it hard nowadays, we who take such care of our lives, to understand these passionate people of the old dramatists. For them life was full of fierce joys and sorrows. They could pass in a moment from the heights of exultation to the depths of despair. We need some belated Elizabethan, like Mr. Swinburne, to explain such turbulence to us.

"The Maid's Tragedy," like Ford's play, which Mr. Carr produced a fortnight ago, is a story of several Broken Hearts. The first heart broken is the fair Aspasia's, whom Amintor, a youth of the court, deserts because he is ordered by the King to marry Evadne. On the wedding-day his bride tells him that their marriage is merely to screen her intrigue with the King. Reeling under the shock, he confesses in Melantius, brother of Evadne, and Melantius forces his repentant sister to murder the King. She creeps into the royal bed-chamber, dianly lit by two tapers, ties him to the bed, and stabs him.

That is the real climax of the play, and the rest only shows how the forsaken Aspasia and the guilty Evadne and Amintor himself are forced by their feelings to kill themselves.

It is a play well worth seeing, but, unfortunately, is not very well acted. Mr. Tripp Edgar is the only one who plays with sufficient assurance.



MR. PAYNE IN "THE ORCHID."

The new edition of "The Orchid" is going very well, and Mr. Edmund Payne, in the part of the comic gardener, keeps the house in continual laughter. He has never had a more amusing character to interpret.

"EVERYMAN" WITH MUSIC.

A work that caused some sensation at its recent production at the Leeds Festival is the musical setting of the old morality play, "Everyman," by Dr. Walford Davies, which the London Choral Society gave the first performance in London at Queen's Hall last night.

Probably most people are familiar with the old play, which deals with man's ultimate destiny and the inexorable command of death, and to which Dr. Davies has wedged music remarkable for its lofty spirituality and its close sympathy with the old-world spirit of the play.

The solos at last night's performance were Miss Muriel Foster, Miss Gleeson-White, Mr. Gregory Hast, Mr. Iago, and Mr. Kennerley Rumford. Mr. Arthur Fagge conducted.

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A box of sweetmeats forms a most suitable Christmas gift, and is welcomed by the housewife for the adornment of the table. Make the sweets as soon as possible, as they are improved by being kept, if they are placed in an airtight box.

MARZIPAN.

INGREDIENTS:—To make sufficient marzipan for about 1lb. of sweetmeat: 1lb. of lump sugar, 1lb. of ground sweet almonds four tablespoonsfuls of cold water, a little cochineal and any other colouring required. A bottle of vegetable colouring costs about 10d., and as it lasts a very long time, it will repay the first outlay.

Put the sugar and water into a clean enamelled saucepan and bring to the boil, stirring continually. Boil until the mixture reaches “threading” point. This can be ascertained without a sweet thermometer in the following manner. Dip the first finger and thumb into cold water and then take up a little of the boiling mixture from the side of the spoon with them. Press the thumb and finger together, and if, when parted, a white thread is seen between them, the mixture is ready for the next process.

Pour the almonds into the boiling sugar and stir for one or two minutes. Put this paste into a basin for a few minutes to cool. Take up the paste and press and squeeze it with the hands until it looks oily. If coloured marzipan is required, divide the paste into as many parts as are needed and pour in a little colouring matter. Work this in with the hands until the colour is even. Roll out the coloured parts into layers and press on the top of each other. Cut into squares, oblongs, etc.

Potatoes are made of the uncoloured paste, rolled into shapes and coloured on the outside with chocolate powder. This gives them an “earthy” look. The eyes can be made with any sharp-pointed instrument.

Green peas in pods look very tempting made from green-coloured marzipan. Turnips can be made of the uncoloured paste, with a little green

paste to represent the leaves. Sausages are made of the pink paste rolled into shape.

COCONUT ICE.

INGREDIENTS:—1lb. lump sugar, 1lb. desiccated coconut, quarter of a pint of water, a little cochineal. Put the sugar and the water into a clean enamelled saucepan and bring it to the boil. Boil

STRIKING DESIGN
FOR A
FANCY DRESS.



for eight minutes, stirring it continually. Pour in the coconut and stir it well. Take out half the mixture and spread it out in a flat dish. Add a few drops of cochineal to the remainder in the saucepan and stir it until the colour is even throughout. Put this pink mixture on top of the white mixture. Pour it well, and then put it by to cool. When it is cool cut it out into bars.

CREAMS.

INGREDIENTS:—1lb. icing sugar, the whites of two or three eggs, according to their size, a little cochineal, any flavouring—almond, vanilla, or peppermint.

Mix the sugar with the beaten whites of the eggs into a very stiff paste. Add colouring or flavouring as required. Smooth out the whole, and cut with a fancy sweet-cutter or mould. Put in a cool place to harden.

A mixed dish of pink and white creams is always attractive.

“Winter comfits” are white creams flavoured with peppermint.

TOFFEE.

INGREDIENTS:—1lb. of sugar (Demerara is the best), 1lb. of treacle, 1lb. to 1lb. of butter, according to fancy.

Melt the butter in an enamelled saucepan. Put in the sugar, and then add the treacle. Stir it continually over a clear fire and boil the mixture until “cracking” point is reached. To ascertain this drop a little of the mixture into cold water, and if it hardens quickly the mixture is ready to be turned out. Pour it out into a well-buttered tin and stand it to cool.

Almonds, walnuts, and cocoanut may be added if required before pouring the toffee out into the tin. Note that to keep toffee well it must be put in an air-tight tin.

A RELIABLE AGENCY.

CUT OUT THIS ADDRESS FOR
REFERENCE.

At Regent House, Regent-street (close to Oxford-circus), has lately been opened an agency called the Governess and Scholastic Agency, which I can heartily recommend to all employers who require not only governesses but trained nurses and domestic servants, and also to all women who are

on the outlook for positions and situations of those kinds.

Everything depends upon the inaugurator and manager of such an enterprise as this, and it is because it is the venture of Mrs. Percy Edwards, who is a daughter of the late vicar of High Tynemouth, Newcastle, that I am able to be so emphatic in my recommendation. For Mrs. Edwards has had great experience in educational work and understands the requirements of employers and employés precisely. She is also a trained nurse herself, so medical men and private individuals can have every confidence in her choice of nurses. Her office is a charming one, and there she may be seen and consulted any day, except Saturdays.

CHILDREN'S PARTY FROCKS.

THE MERITS OF ACCORDION
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There is nothing prettier nor more fairy-like for a little girl's party frock than one made of a white



Simple winter hat for a child, made of brown felt, with a puffing of brown velvet and cream lace round the brim, and a quill thrust through a velvet rosette at one side.

fabric, accordion pleated. Such frocks give the little ones real freedom of motion.

Made of the new chiffon silks, which are procurable in the palest tints, these gowns are ideal. They are really most charming in white, and should be made up with absolute simplicity. A very delightful-looking dress is composed of white accordion-pleated silk, with the skirt gauged on to a deep yoke. The yoke is made of fine lace. Elbow sleeves accompany this gown, finished with accordion-pleated frills, while a sash of white silk just defines the waist line.

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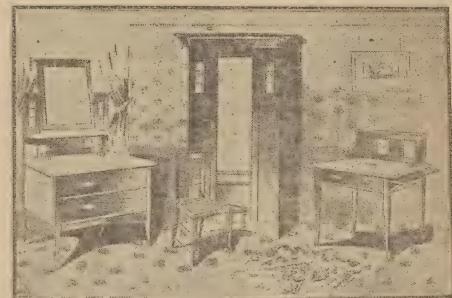
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BLACKBURN—Booth, Messrs., Grocers.
BLACKPOOL—Bentley, J. E., 99, Church-st., S. Shore; Clegg, and Sons, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 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HAYDOCK PARK STEEPLECHASES.

Bad Weather and Moderate Sport at the North-Country Meeting.

SALES OF BLOODSTOCK.

North-country sportsmen assembled in thousand yesterday at Haydock Park Steeplechases, which were well attended. The meet was not really enforced by the record blizzard. The brightness of the morning was unfortunately succeeded by a dull and unpleasant afternoon.

Love Dart paid a tribute to the merit of the Kemptown Park winner, Italian Beauty, by winning the Maiden Hurdle race from Fair Future, Akbar, and others. Fair Future, in Lord Cromwell's colours, was a good runner, but was very fancied, and looked like winning after ousting Akbar, but was caught and beaten at the last hurdle.

It would be difficult to find a more moderate lot than the quartette which turned out for the County Stand Steeplechase, which was won by Bob, who was afterwards bought for 90s. Something better was seen out of the Garwood Hounds. Helen Shire, winner of a similar race at Irwell, was very fancied, and looked like winning after ousting Fair Future, but was caught and beaten at the last hurdle.

King of Idler won the Lowton Hurdle, and was bought in for 200 guineas, as the old horse, although a decadent, is still very useful in selling races of that calibre. Veiled Queen, preferred to the winner in the wagering, ran easily by three lengths.

Rain poured in torrents at this juncture, and little could be seen of the horses in the Matherfield Handicap Steeplechase, for which Wye Bushie, Helium, and Attractor were in more demand than Rathgovan. Barber's Pole fell, and, creditably as Wye Bushie struggled, the prize fell to Rathgovan, who was a good runner on wet ground. The Wigan Hounds paid the Wigan Steeplechase were easily won from Hesitation and Sweetmore. Pizarro ran well for one circuit of the course till he became a copper. Sweetmore also fell. Lord Cole, who rode him, was quickly on foot again, none the worse for the spill.

SELECTIONS FOR TO-DAY.

HAYDOCK PARK.
1. 0-Hazeldale Steeplechase-TURBULENT.
2. 0-Hazeldale Steeplechase-LONGTHORPE.
3. 0-Hazeldale Steeplechase-FAST CASTLE.
3. 0-Newton Hurdle-LOVE DART.
3. 0-St. Helen's Steeplechase-DOLEFUL.

SPECIAL SELECTION. LOVE DART.

PORTRUSH PARK.
1. 0-Hazeldale Steeplechase-COMMENDA.
2. 0-Wynnewood Hurdle-RAY.
3. 0-Portsmouth Steeplechase-BELL SOUND.
3. 0-Fairlight Hurdle-FOXHILL.
3. 0-Easneye Steeplechase-BUCK UP.
3. 00-Landport Hurdle-I KNOW.

GREY FRIARS.

PLACED HORSES AND PRICES AT HAYDOCK PARK.

1. 0-MAIDEN HURDLE RACE. Two miles. (8)
1 LOVE DART, 5 yrs, 1st 12lb... Newby 13 to 8
2 FAIR FUTURE, 4 yrs, 1st 12lb... Morgan 2 - 1
3 AKBAR, 4 yrs, 1st 12lb... Hartigan Two
1.30 - COUNTY SELLING STEEPECHASE, 70 sovs. (4)
1 BOBS, aged, 1st 12lb... Mr. Phelan 2 - 1
2 ORGANDALE, 6 yrs, 1st 12lb... Chadwick 2 - 1
3 SCOTTISH ARCHER, 5 yrs, 1st 12lb... Mr. Menzies 5 - 2

2.0-GARSWOOD HANDICAP HURDLE RACE
1. THEODORINE, 6 yrs, 1st 12lb... Chadwick 6 - 1
2. HAZEL SLADE, 5 yrs, 12st 10lb... Mason 6 - 1
3. COSSINGTON, 6 yrs, 1st 12lb... Hartigan 6 - 1
2.30-JLOW SUMMER HURDLE RACE. Two miles. (6)
1 KING'S IDLER, aged, 1st 12lb... Mr. Menzies 5 - 2
2 VEILED QUEEN, aged, 1st 12lb... Mr. Murphy 2 - 1
3 MAGENTA BOY, 4 yrs, 1st 12lb... Farrel 7 - 2
3.0-MAKERFIELD HANDICAP STEEPECHASE. Two miles. (4)
1 ROBINSON, 6 yrs, 1st 12lb... Mr. Pearce 6 - 1
2 ROYAL CYGNET, 4 yrs, 1st 12lb... Mr. Davies 10 - 1
3.0-WIGAN STEEPECHASE. Three miles. (4)
1 HAMPTON BOY, aged, 1st 12lb... Anthony 11 - 8
2 ROBINSON, 6 yrs, 1st 12lb... Mr. Davies 10 - 1
3 SWEETMORE, 6 yrs, 1st 12lb... Lord Cole 7 - 2
The figures in parentheses indicate the number of starters.

TO-DAY'S PROGRAMMES.

HAYDOCK PARK.

1.0-CLUB STEEPECHASE of 70 sovs. Two miles
1.30-JUVENILE SELLING HURDLE RACE. Two miles for three year olds. One mile and a half.

Hogenheuer 1st 12 Jack Sharp 1st 1b
Found at Last 10 7 Rio 10 7
Sister Hilda 10 7 Aframe 10 7
Ains' Star 10 7 Irago 10 7
Donna Ross 10 7 Valencian 10 7
Ginty 10 7 Star Diamond 10 7
A Rose 10 7 Star White 10 7
Hot Head 10 7 Flamboyant 10 7
Beanniam 10 7 Alaboy Clwyd 10 7
a Thistle 10 7

PAPER SELECTIONS-Jockey-Sister Hilda, Racehorse-Cog Wheel, Racing World-Hogenheuer, or Sma's Sill.

2.0-HAYDOCK PARK HANDICAP STEEPECHASE of 200 sovs. Two miles.

gGlamore 1st 12 Hopghorn 1st 1b
aHill of Bree 1st 12 3 Army 10 12
aLonghorne 6 12 2 The Awakening 10 12
aTroll II 6 12 2 Stolen Mint 4 10 7

PAPER SELECTIONS-Jockey-Longhorne, Racehorse-The Awakening, Racing World-The Awakening or Glamore.

2.30-TUESDAY SELLING HANDICAP HURDLE RACE of 70 sovs. Two miles.

Orman yrs st lb Express yrs st lb
Oroza 6 12 4 Paddy O'Leary 5 11 10
Marcosian 6 12 3 A Fast Castle 5 11 10
Springer 6 12 2 Joyal King 5 11 7
Von Gay 6 12 2 Little Gert 6 11 5
Arm Chair 6 12 2 Lulu Chil 5 11 5
Jack McCormick 6 12 1 Peppergirl 4 11 5
Gordon O'Farrell 6 11 12 Ballywater 6 11 10
Walk Over 6 11 12 Ouplin 5 11 0
Gentleman Joe 5 11 11 Ouplin 5 11 0
Mona 6 11 12 High Wind 3 10 0
Marien 6 11 11 High Wind 3 10 0

PAPER SELECTIONS-Jockey-Surprise Hill or Marten, Racehorse-Express, Racing World-Oroza or Jack McCormick.

3.0-NEWTON HANDICAP HURDLE RACE of 70 sovs. Two miles.

Hurst Park yrs st lb Cold Harbour yrs st lb
Sylvan Park 6 12 7 Foxhunter 6 10 7
Carriageway 6 11 12 Paddy O'Leary 5 10 7
Iodo 5 11 11 Zim 6 10 7
Kingsdale 6 11 12 A Love Dart (7th ex) 3 10 7
St. Salvador 6 11 8 Wilted Castle 6 10 6
Bellarmine 6 11 7 Wilted Castle 6 10 6
Hairbird 4 11 5 Victor 4 10 6
Wejene 6 11 5 Diamond Queen 4 10 6
Trotter 6 11 5 Diamond Queen 4 10 6
Free Companion 6 11 4 Penderma 4 10 6
aTreyden 6 11 3 Tilly Lass 4 10 6
aHesitation 6 11 2 Gentleman Joe 4 10 6
aRango 6 11 2 Gentleman Joe 4 10 6
aTroll of Gove 6 10 15 Swan 4 10 6

PAPER SELECTIONS-Jockey-Victor Gay or Jocelyn, Racehorse-Gentleman Joe, Racing World-Victor Gay or Rango.

3.30-ST. HELENS HANDICAP STEEPECHASE of 70 sovs. Three miles.

Larch Hill yrs st lb Garrison II yrs st lb
aSaxby 6 12 5 Rathcannon 6 11 4
aHampton Boy 6 12 3 Yenkale 6 11 4
aSequel II 6 11 13 Morning Dawn 6 10 0
aHesitation 6 11 12 Burritania 6 10 0
aArmed 6 11 11 aTorn West 5 10 0
aSavaroff (inc. 6th) 6 11 10 aPaldain 5 10 0
aNerons 6 11 8 Deloful 5 10 0
aTrefoil II 6 11 8 aBarber's Pole 4 10 0
aNether Walk 6 11 5

PAPER SELECTIONS-Jockey-Victor Gay or Jocelyn, Racehorse-Gentleman Joe, Racing World-Victor Gay or Rango.

3.30-WYMMINGERS SELLING HURDLE RACE of 60 sovs. Two miles.

aUlster Boy yrs st lb Captain Cook yrs st lb
aBig 6 12 3 Jester 5 10 0
Ronald 6 12 2 Gold Feather 5 10 0
Bunch of Flowers 6 11 10 Catina 5 10 0
Roughian 6 11 10 Humor 5 10 0
Ghoul 6 11 10 Ghoul 5 10 0
aStoic 6 11 2 Aman 4 10 0
Reine de Glace 6 10 13 Merope 4 10 0

PAPER SELECTIONS-Jockey-Victor Gay or Jocelyn, Racehorse-Gentleman Joe, Racing World-Victor Gay or Rango.

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